BEGINNING—**THE WEB OF THE RED SPIDER**

THE TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT COMMUNISM

JUNE 17, 1933

Liberty

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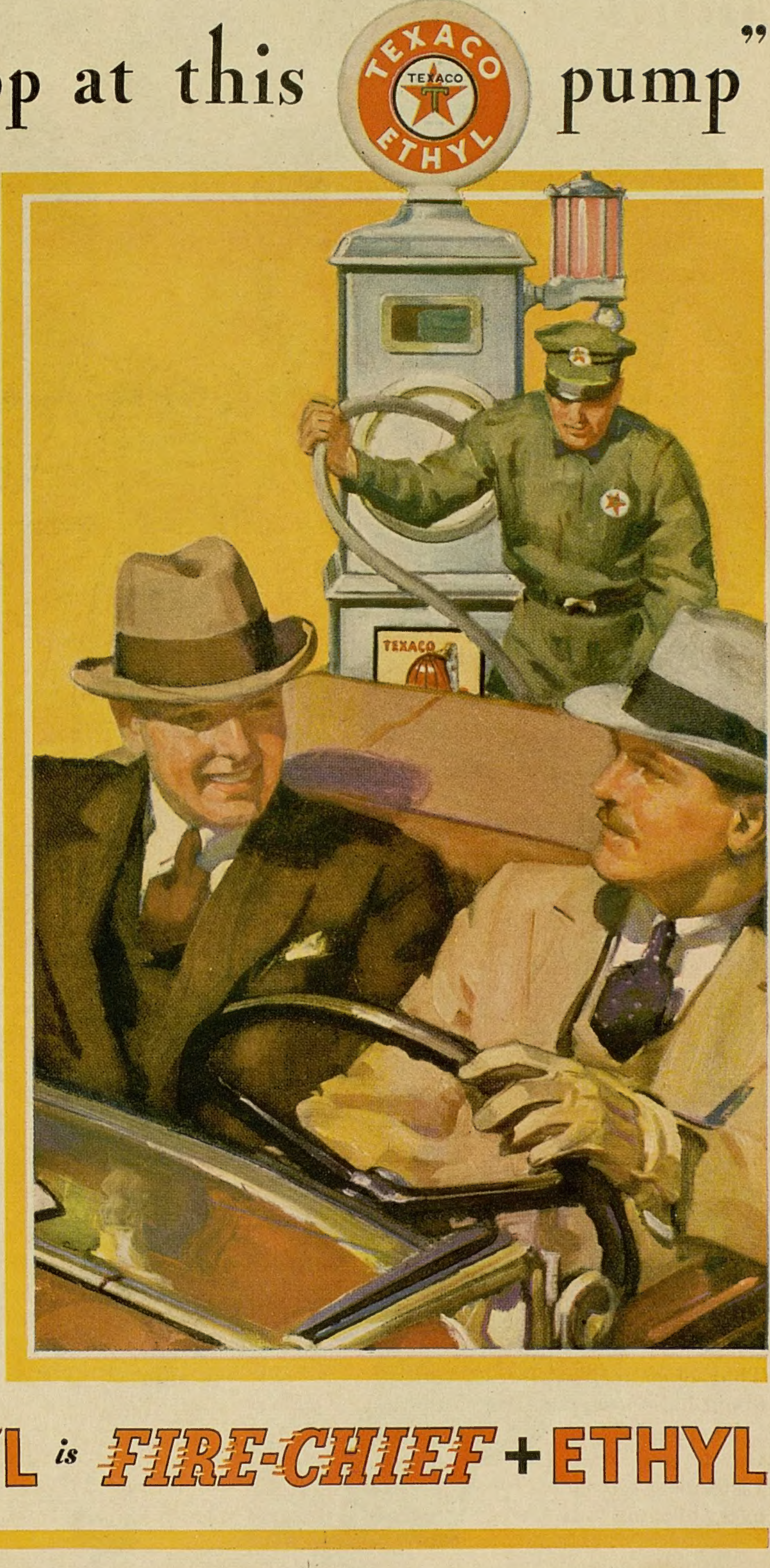

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Remember *Her?*

How *could I forget her!*

Of *course* she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .

HOW'S *YOUR* BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you?* Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

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LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS

JUNE 17, 1933

Liberty

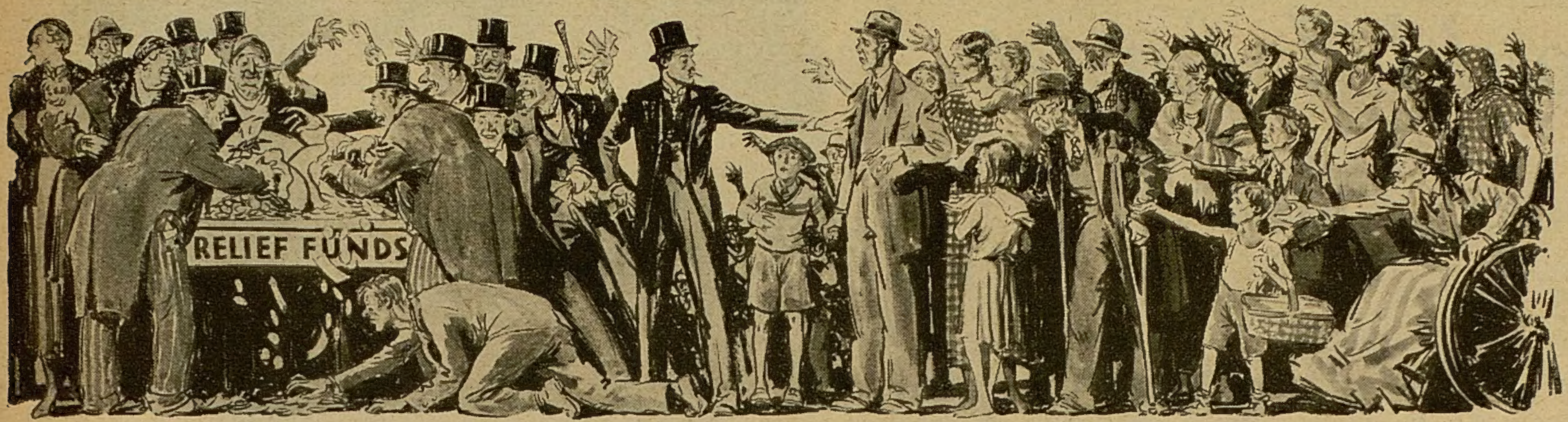
VOL. 10, NO. 24

★ ★ ★ AMERICA'S BEST READ WEEKLY ★ ★ ★

"THAT THIS NATION, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM, AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR



RELIEF RACKETEERING SHOULD BE A CAPITAL OFFENSE

WE have had entirely too much pussyfooting with criminals in this country.

Racketeers have laws of their own and they know how to enforce them. A stream of bullets from a machine gun is their usual penalty.

And if the law-enforcement officials of our nation cannot stop the hideous grafting on the donations for relief from government and private sources, perhaps a higher class of racketeers could be induced to make effective use of their machine guns.

More than a year ago the writer called attention to the criminal waste in the feeding of the unemployed. Investigations in many communities have indicated the appalling accuracy of this charge.

The Salvation Army has given us many a lesson as to the cost of feeding and caring for the unemployed. And if relief funds were turned over to such an organization they would be handled honestly. In a building on Water Street in New York City they house two thousand men. The entire cost, including laundry, barbering, shoe repairing, etc., is only one dollar weekly per man.

In an editorial published several months ago it was the writer's contention that in extreme emergencies, when relief stations are liable to exhaust their funds, cracked wheat can be used at but a small part of the cost of what we ordinarily call a balanced meal; that all the food elements required to nourish the body are stored away within a grain of wheat, and in case of dire distress one could be nourished perfectly on this one article of food.

We have previously called attention to an experiment made in New York City recently in which four women and four men lived exclusively on whole-wheat products and water—absolutely nothing else—for thirty days, and were in far better health at the end of this experiment than they were at the beginning.

It is no exaggerated statement to say that nine out of ten of those who consume the average deficient American diet would be in better health if they adopted this meager diet of wheat alone. Naturally it is not popular with those who know nothing about food values or who have not had occasion to test it with hunger as a tasty sauce. But to a really hungry man nothing is more delicious.

A celebrated hotel man familiarly known to his friends as Jack Bowman especially recommended whole wheat to his intimate masculine friends who were victims of the giddy whirl of social life that is said to come with wine, woman, and song.

If everyone knew the value of this truly extraordinary food it would be selling at five dollars a bushel.

Stealing is a crime that should be severely punished at any time; but stealing food from the mouths of the poor, appropriating moneys that should be used to relieve human suffering, should be a capital offense in the dangerous emergencies we are now facing.

In an emotional movie drama in which a mock President of the United States is the hero, we see racketeers lined up before a firing squad. Some remedy like this may be needed in the present terrifying situation.

Every community in this land—small and large—should immediately open soup kitchens where the unemployed can go for properly prepared palatable food. If they have funds to supply a variety of food it is naturally desirable, but if they can furnish the hungry with cracked wheat properly prepared, and nothing else, there is no danger of anyone being undernourished.

In these dire emergencies it is time to use God-given intelligence to supply a diet just as scientifically balanced as that we furnish to our domestic animals.

It may seem terrible to feed human beings like animals; and yet, if we could have the same vibrant health, and the ability to enjoy life equal to the average animal, we would be far better prepared not only to meet the emergencies of life, but happiness, the one desirable goal that we all seek, would come to us automatically.

Criminal waste, grafting, racketeering in the dispensation of relief funds should be stopped; and if the officials are unable to take effective action, a hungry mob of wild-eyed citizens may take the authority upon themselves. —BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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BEGINNING

A Sensational Exposé, Based on Authentic Documents, of the Secret Schemes by Which Communism Reaches Out to Entangle the World

Acme photo

A monster May Day rally of Communists in Union Square, New York City.

The WEB of the RED SPIDER

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

LITTLE groups, gathered idly about divers speakers, dotted Union Square. Each speaker stood on a soap box, from which, attached by some artful contrivance, fluttered an American flag as a guaranty of his patriotism.

One speaker, representing some hobo college in Chicago, fulminated against politicians and bankers.

Not far from him a weazened little man with gray hair, speaking on behalf of an atheist association, asked the audience to reconcile with their religious convictions the God who created infantile paralysis and bedbugs.

In still another group a cadaverous-looking gentleman extolled the virtues of a new system of astrology.

And in a fourth cluster, swarming thickly, I espied a youth, evidently from the lower East Side of New York, who, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, sang the praises of Soviet Russia.

I paused to listen a little while to the gospel according to Saint Marx.

The boy spoke with considerable vehemence, but he did not seem to make many converts, even among the unemployed. There were laughs and jokes at the expense of the speaker. America has escaped Communism so far by laughing it off. Nevertheless some of his sallies hit the target—the empty stomachs of some of his listeners. When his speech was finished, two or three stayed, some to argue, some eager for more news from Utopia. I lingered until they were gone.

"Tell me," I asked, "does New York City grant you a license to speak here on Communism?"

"We need no license! That rule has been relaxed. All we need now is a soap box and—that."

He pointed to the American flag.

"If you are an internationalist why do you fly the American flag instead of the red flag with the hammer, the sickle, and the star?"

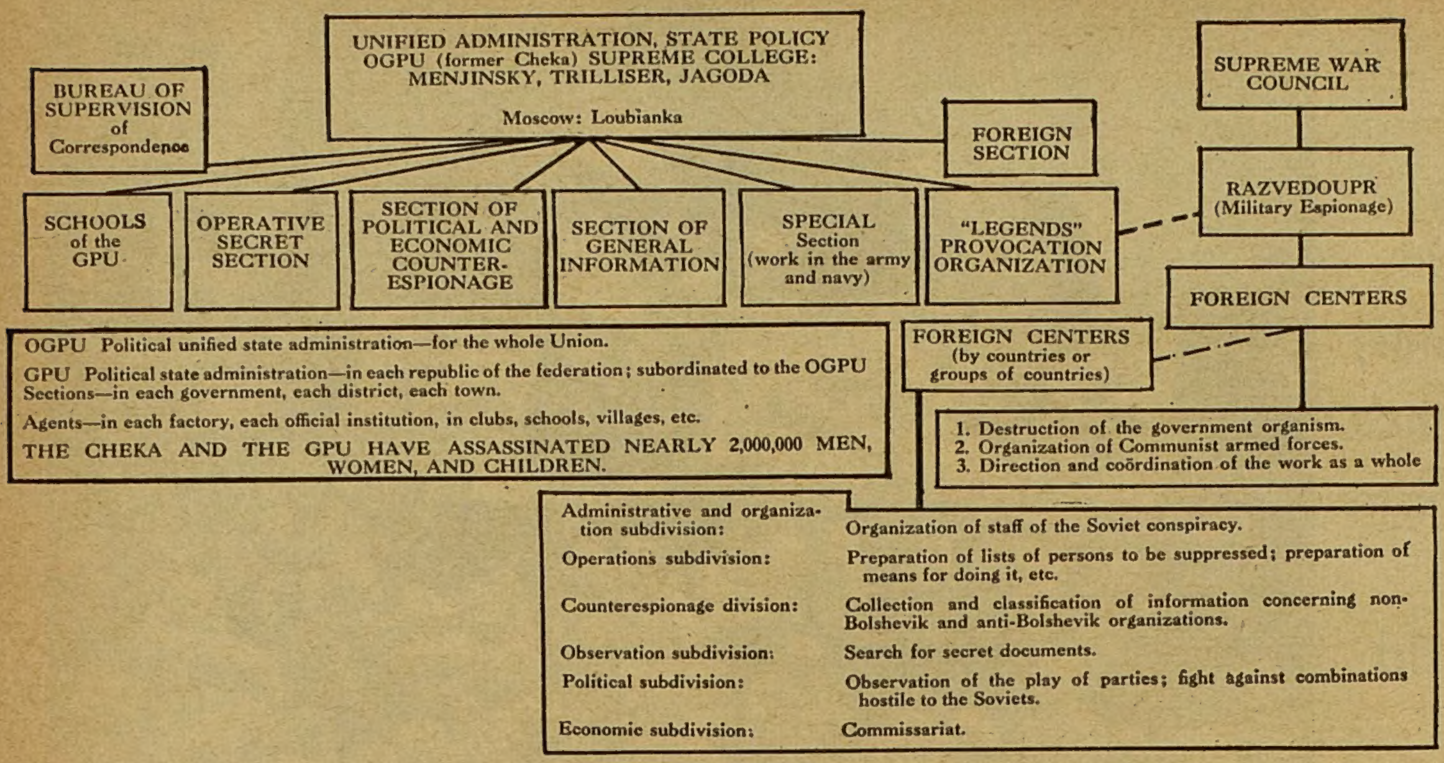
"Where have you seen that flag?" he asked.

"Over the Kremlin and over the tomb of Lenin!"

At the mention of Lenin the boy's eyes lit up.

"All's fair in war," he said. "We Communists are instructed to utilize every available means that will

TERROR, ESPIONAGE, PROVOCATION


UNIFIED ADMINISTRATION, STATE POLICY OGPU (former Cheka) SUPREME COLLEGE: MENJINSKY, TRILLISER, JAGODA
Moscow: Loubianka
BUREAU OF SUPERVISION of Correspondence
FOREIGN SECTION
SUPREME WAR COUNCIL
RAZVEDOUPR (Military Espionage)
SCHOOLS of the GPU
OPERATIVE SECRET SECTION
SECTION OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC COUNTER-ESPIONAGE
SECTION OF GENERAL INFORMATION
SPECIAL Section (work in the army and navy)
"LEGENDS" PROVOCATION ORGANIZATION
FOREIGN CENTERS
FOREIGN CENTERS (by countries or groups of countries)
OGPU Political unified state administration—for the whole Union.
GPU Political state administration—in each republic of the federation; subordinated to the OGPU
Sections—in each government, each district, each town.
Agents—in each factory, each official institution, in clubs, schools, villages, etc.
THE CHEKA AND THE GPU HAVE ASSASSINATED NEARLY 2,000,000 MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.
1. Destruction of the government organism.
2. Organization of Communist armed forces.
3. Direction and coördination of the work as a whole
Administrative and organization subdivision: Organization of staff of the Soviet conspiracy.
Operations subdivision: Preparation of lists of persons to be suppressed; preparation of means for doing it, etc.
Counterespionage division: Collection and classification of information concerning non-Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik organizations.
Observation subdivision: Search for secret documents.
Political subdivision: Observation of the play of parties; fight against combinations hostile to the Soviets.
Economic subdivision: Commissariat.

This chart shows the world-wide organization of secret warfare by the Reds' agents in capitalist countries.

advance our purpose. We don't believe in your Constitution. Nevertheless we use it to shield our right to free speech. We don't believe in the parliaments, but that does not prevent us from running for office!"

"To bore from within?"

"Exactly. From within and without."

"And meanwhile," I asked, "who pays your expenses?" He had made no attempt to take up a collection.

"Oh, our expenses are taken care of—"

"I see," I said. "They are paid by Moscow?"

"Oh, no! Our money comes from Berlin."

I was unable to elicit more information.

Perhaps the boy regretted that he had said so much. In the light of my subsequent investigations, it does not seem strange that the Third International made Germany its paymaster in the United States. Numerically and in importance the German Communist Party ranks first outside of Russia. In view of our nonrecognition of Russia, it was difficult for money to flow directly from Moscow to New York. But there was no way to control communications from Germany or other countries contiguous to Russia.

"What difference does it make who pays him?" queried my companion.

"The difference," I replied, "is tremendous. If he depended upon his own earnings, or if his support came from American sources, he would be a harmless young radical. The moment he receives his directions and his pay from an alien land, hostile to our civilization and our form of government, he becomes a menace to the state.

"HE is no longer merely a youth shouting his individual dissent, but is the mercenary of an unscrupulous power which, having fastened on one seventh of the globe, deliberately sows the seed of disruption throughout the world.

"It is one thing if a man espouses Communism or anarchy or any other doctrine because he believes in it. It is an entirely different thing if he is an agent of professional revolutionists at the beck and call of the Third International. He ceases to be a good-natured fool, or a crank, an idealist or a poet, and becomes, wittingly or unwittingly, a tool of the Red General Staff."

"Since when are you afraid of radicalism?"

"I am not afraid of radicalism or of radicals. As a child I sat on the knees of Liebknecht and Bebel. Engels, one of the patron saints of Soviet Russia, was a witness at the wedding of my father and mother in London. My father was a Socialist member of the German Reichstag, although he was excluded from the party because he refused to embrace in his creed internationalism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Nevertheless, his picture and some of his letters greeted me in the Marx-Engels Museum, that head shrine of Bolshevism.

"Although I am not a Socialist, I have twice voted for Debs. I campaigned for Roosevelt in 1912 and for La Follette in 1924. I am willing to play with the black sheep and the obstreperous ram. But I draw the line at a pack of wolves bearing the Red brand of Moscow."

"You cannot eliminate radical thought—"

"If we must have radicalism, 'buy American,' don't buy the imported article, trade-marked and manufactured by a supra-national concern incorporated in the Soviet Union."

"Probably this boy is only one among many who are directly or indirectly on the Red pay roll."

"Undoubtedly," I replied. "Every publication flirting with Communism, every parlor Bolshevist spouting Red doctrines is the tool or fool of Soviet Russia. All have a part, carefully provided for them, in the mobilization plans of the Red army."

IN the press of other affairs this matter escaped from my memory until I was forcibly reminded of it by an incident on my recent visit to Germany.

I was traveling first class from Aachen to Berlin. I indulged in this luxury, snapping my thumbs at the depression, in the hope of having an entire compartment to myself. It turned out that I was mistaken. Hardly had I stretched out my legs comfortably when a couple entered who seemed out of place in this temple of plush upholstery on wheels. The man, young, hardly thirty, with flashing eyes and quick movements, wore a laborer's cap. The lady, dressed simply but without taste, filled a considerable portion of the compartment. She adjusted her horn-rimmed glasses and buried herself in a periodical—the International Press Correspondence.

The man snatched a newspaper from his pocket and began to read with increasing delight.

"Splendid!" he suddenly said, nudging his neighbor "The French will not pay!"

"Why," I ventured to interrupt, "do you consider that splendid? If any debtor can repudiate his debt because he does not choose to pay, we have reached the end of the capitalistic system."

"Exactly," the man said. His eyes danced with joy. "The French, by repudiating their financial engagement, shatter the structure upon which society rests today. The first powerful blow struck against capitalism by capitalist nations was the refusal of the great powers to recognize the sanctity of private property during the war. Now they cap the climax by repudiating their public engagements!"

At this moment the conductor came in to examine the tickets. The man and the woman opposite me did not have tickets. They merely showed some cards of identification. The conductor bowed obsequiously. After he had left, the man in the cap resumed the conversation.

"Even if we labored for twenty years we could not have repudiated capitalism more completely than the capitalistic governments of Europe when they welshed on their contract to pay for value received without invoking bankruptcy."

"Who is 'we'?" I asked.

"I am a member of the Reichstag representing the KPD" (Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands).

"Is the lady also a Communist member of the Reichstag?"

He nodded.

All the way from Aachen to Berlin she read and he talked. He spoke shrewdly, often eloquently. The edifice which he had erected was flawless once one admitted his premises. Figures and startling economic doctrines rolled from his lips in bewildering succession. I was in no position to contradict him except on general principles.

Finally I sought to slay him with an epigram.

"My ancestors were monkeys, not ants—that is the reason why I prefer individualism to Bolshevism. Liberty to me is more than a bourgeois prejudice."

My Communist friend hinted that I and all those who shared my opinion were in the process of extirpation.

"The world-wide depression," he gleefully assured me, "signifies the liquidation of the middle class."

"The depression," I countered, "injures your Five-Year Plan as much as it endangers our prosperity."

"IT may be," he admitted, "a slight setback for us. But for every loss we suffer in Russia we gain tenfold in other countries. The Communist Party in Germany rolled up six million votes in the last election. Our membership of more than one hundred in the Reichstag approximates one fifth of the total."

"How can you take an oath on the German Constitution when it is your plan to destroy it?"

He smiled a superior smile.

"It is part of our doctrine to utilize every means, legal or extra-legal, to achieve our end."

Then my Communist friend developed in a more sophisticated manner the theory which had issued so crudely and spontaneously from the lips of the boy in Union Square.

"If I were the German government," I remarked, "I would outlaw the Communist Party. I could not permit any party bent upon destroying the Constitution by violent means to gain immunity for its lawless activities by worming itself into the Reichstag."

Acme photo

The Reichstag fire, believed the work of German Communists.

"I would not be in the least surprised if the Communist Party were outlawed in Germany," the Bolshevist retorted prophetically. "But we are prepared for that. Ours is the best organized Communist Party in the world, outside of Russia. We can burrow like moles in the dark if we may not parade in the open. In fact, we always have employed both methods simultaneously."

"Your frankness," I replied, "is amazing."

"We have nothing to fear," he answered. "Time and the stupidity of our enemies are fighting on our side."

This conversation took place early in November, 1932. Hardly three months later Hitler arrested every Communist deputy after the Communists allegedly set the Reichstag on fire. An examination of Liebknecht House, the Communist headquarters in Berlin, revealed subterranean vaults with treasonable literature, an elaborate mobilization plan for attack upon the state and state buildings, and secret underground passages by which the staff officers of the revolution intended to escape if their plans miscarried.

MY conversation with the Communist deputy was interrupted by a uniformed emissary of the Mitropa summoning the passengers to the dining car. I arose, but my companions pulled out sandwiches from a brief-case.

"We do not," the Communist explained, "indulge in capitalistic luxuries."

"Don't you receive your remuneration as a member of the Reichstag?"

"We do. But every member of the party donates one half of his income to the Communist Party. That leaves us very little for culinary excesses."

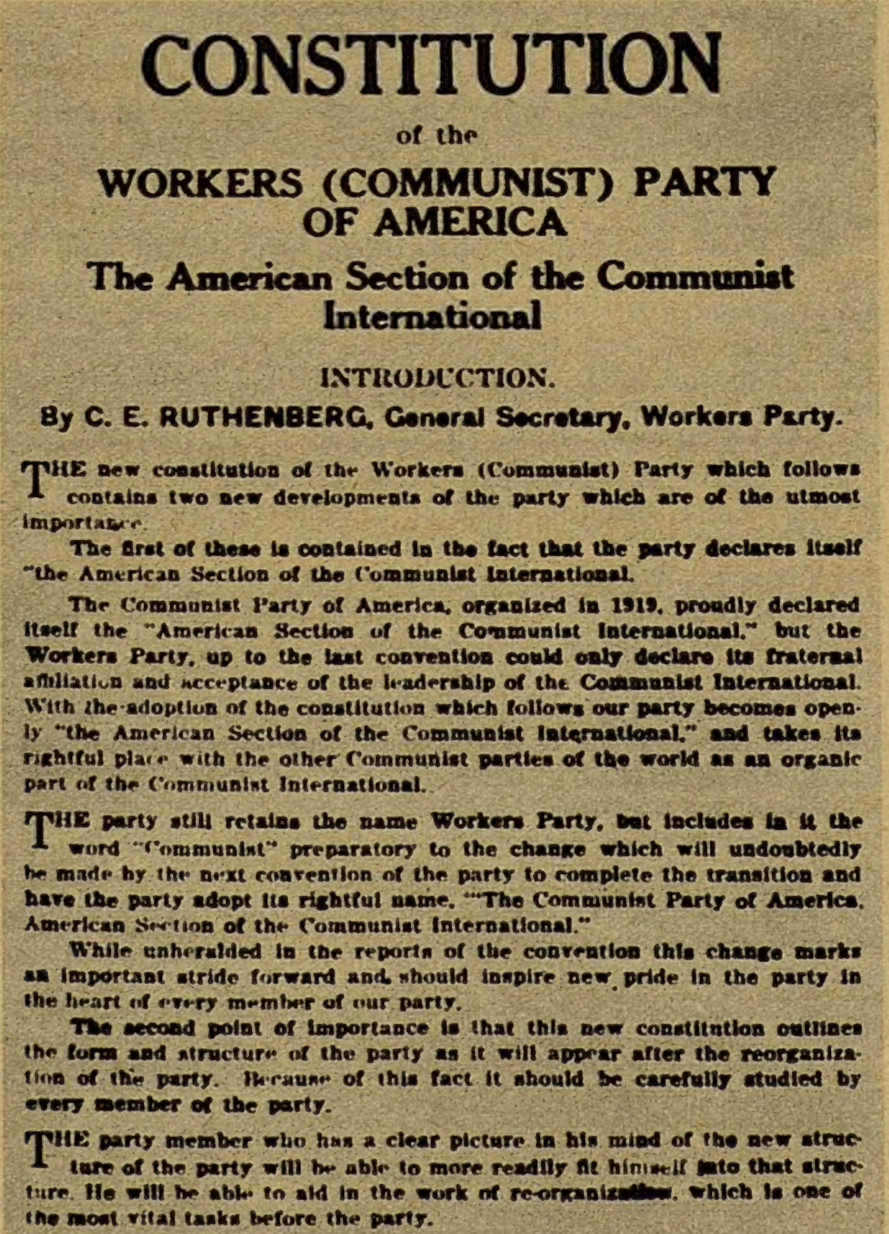
The lady Communist glanced at me banefully as I departed for the diner. When I returned she was washing down the last crumbs of her meal with tea. Then, divesting herself of her shoes, she took a nap while I resumed conversational hostilities with her escort.

"I do not think that von Papen [this was before Hitler had joined the government] will permit you to traffic in treason." He grunted.

"It seems strange that you, as an American, should cite von Papen, considering what he did in your country."

"Von Papen," I replied, "so far as I know, merely did his duty as an officer in the war. I do not think that he was guilty of any illegal act. I am quite sure that your people would do far worse if you had an ambassador in the United States."

He grinned joyously.



CONSTITUTION

of the

WORKERS (COMMUNIST) PARTY OF AMERICA

The American Section of the Communist International

INTRODUCTION.

By C. E. RUTHENBERG, General Secretary, Workers Party.

THE new constitution of the Workers (Communist) Party which follows contains two new developments of the party which are of the utmost importance.

The first of these is contained in the fact that the party declares itself "the American Section of the Communist International.

The Communist Party of America, organized in 1919, proudly declared itself the "American Section of the Communist International," but the Workers Party, up to the last convention could only declare its fraternal affiliation and acceptance of the leadership of the Communist International. With the adoption of the constitution which follows our party becomes openly "the American Section of the Communist International," and takes its rightful place with the other Communist parties of the world as an organic part of the Communist International.

THE party still retains the name Workers Party, but includes in it the word "Communist" preparatory to the change which will undoubtedly be made by the next convention of the party to complete the transition and have the party adopt its rightful name, "The Communist Party of America, American Section of the Communist International."

While unheralded in the reports of the convention this change marks an important stride forward and should inspire new pride in the party in the heart of every member of our party.

The second point of importance is that this new constitution outlines the form and structure of the party as it will appear after the reorganization of the party. Because of this fact it should be carefully studied by every member of the party.

THE party member who has a clear picture in his mind of the new structure of the party will be able to more readily fit himself into that structure. He will be able to aid in the work of re-organization, which is one of the most vital tasks before the party.

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American Communists declare themselves a section of the Communist International.

"Certainly," he said. "We would use the embassy as a center for inciting strikes and strife, and would use every means at our disposal to foment the holy war of the classes."

No pledge by the Soviet government prevents a Soviet ambassador from converting his embassy into a harbor of Bolshevist intrigue. The orders of the Third International supersede any orders from the Commissary for Foreign Affairs.

George Seldes, in Can These Things Be? points out that the Cheka, or G. P. U., being an integral part of the Bolshevist government, has established itself in every country where the Soviet government has embassies and consulates. The promises of Moscow that political intrigue would not be carried on are ridiculous. When a shooting, kidnaping, or assassination occurs, when conspiracies are discovered involving Communist consuls and embassies, the consuls are disowned and recalled, but, Mr. Seldes insists, the system continues.

The organization of the Russian Cheka in Paris is typical of its activities in all countries where there are consulates. Its main office is in the Soviet embassy, and a member of the central committee, Rozowski, is the head. There are twelve departments. One watches the Whites, the monarchist *émigrés*, and this is the department accused of the kidnaping of General Kutepoff. Another department spies on all employees of the embassy and consulates, and a third reports on military matters, much after the fashion of regular military *attachés*, only the Cheka men obtain secret information from Communist workingmen in power mills, cannon factories, airplane works, etc., and also military troop movements and railroad transportation. Several departments work in the big provincial cities, one in the French colonies, and the twelfth is "for special occasions," when it carries out orders from Moscow. It was this department, in the Athens Soviet Legation, which was accused of the murder of at least one of the five victims found buried in the legation garden after the removal of Minister Ustinoff.

Having just read the book, the information was fresh in my mind. It did not surprise my Communist friend.

"War is war," he muttered, repeating the sentiments of the boy in Union Square.

The Third International has never departed from its program of world revolution. No Communist denies this fact, although he may attempt to pull the wool over our eyes by making a specious distinction between the Soviet government and the Third International.

My friend tried to elucidate the difference between the two for my benefit. When I asked him, "Does the German Communist Party accept orders from the Russian government?" he replied. "Certainly not. We take our orders only from the Third International."

"That seems a distinction without a difference."

"Oh, no," he replied. "The KPD [Communist Party of Germany] is as important in the ranks of the Third International as the Communist Party of Russia. The representatives of all the Communist sections of the world determine the policy of the Third International. All Communists, including the government of Russia, must obey the policies laid down by it. In the formulation of these policies we have the same right as the Russians. If you say Moscow governs the German Communist Party, you can say with equal justification that the German Communist Party governs Russia."

"But surely the Russian influence is preponderant?"

"Its seat of power is Moscow. That," my Communist friend explained, "is due merely to the fact that the Russian government is the only one in the world that tolerates a Communist Congress and permits Communists from all parts of the world to forgather.

"As soon as we have established the German Soviet Socialist Republic, we may meet in Berlin. And after we proclaim the Soviet Republic of North America, we shall meet in Washington or Chicago, or maybe," his eyes sparkled with anticipation, "we shall make the Empire State Building in New York City our headquarters."

When we parted he wrote his name for me on a piece of paper. He was an honest enthusiast, willing to die or lie for his cause. When I looked him up, I found that he was what he claimed to be. I saw his picture and read his biography in the directory of the Reichstag.

My interest in the KPD being aroused, I investigated its structure. This structure is of special interest to the United States if, as would appear from my experience in Union Square, it is the organ through which Moscow finances, or financed, some Communist manifestations in the United States. In any case, it is the model upon which every Communist party outside of Russia patterns itself. Every activity, every branch fully developed in Germany exists, at least in embryo, in our Communist organizations on American soil.

FOR enlightenment on this subject I went to an organization, the Free Economic Council (Vereinigung für Freie Wirtschaft) in Berlin, which has made an exhaustive study of Communist activities for thirteen years. It does not traffic in forged documents, it does not seek to exploit its discoveries sensationally; much of its information is never published at all. With painstaking care it traces the ramifications of the Comintern from Moscow to the four quarters of the globe. Thus the secret of the Soviet is pitilessly exposed. Much, but not all, of my information flows from that quarter.

Some of my data were obtained from the so-called "O Service" which supplies German business circles with confidential news from the Red front, and from other reliable sources.

The Free Economic Council prepares from time to time, for confidential distribution, charts and booklets on the progress of the Marxist campaign. One chart reveals graphically the organization of the Communist International and the KPD from top to bottom. Others trace the ramifications extending from Moscow to affiliated organizations throughout the world.

This material was placed at my disposal by an official of the Free Economic Council, a former captain of the German navy who was the right-hand man of Admiral von Tirpitz. His organization represents, in a sense, the counter-espionage of capitalism against the far-flung Intelligence Service of the Red General Staff. The data collected by the Free Economic Council are based exclusively upon official publications of the Communist International, the Communist Party of Germany, and official Communist organs in these countries.

A diagram prepared by my friend depicted the layout of the German Communist Party from its general headquarters to the street "cell," the smallest unit in charge of revolutionary disturbances, riots, and propaganda. Similar plans and parallel organizations tie up the Communist International (Comintern) with all other Communist parties in France, England, South America, the United States, and elsewhere.

All Europe was still in turmoil when, on March 4, 1919, the International Communist Conference met in Moscow to establish itself as the Third or Communist International. The First International, which embraced all social revolutionary parties, was founded by Karl Marx. It was wrecked by the division between its founder and

Acme photo

A Red orator harangues a May Day crowd in Tokyo.

Acme photos

A Communist fire-eater holding forth in London.

the Russian anarchist, Bakunin. The Second International, to which the Socialist parties of most of the countries of Europe belonged, was split open by the World War, when the various Socialist factions divided along national lines.

The Third International rallied the left wings of these parties. The motion to organize the Third International was sponsored by the Communist Party of Austria, the left wing of the Social-Democratic Party of Sweden, the Social-Democratic Revolutional Federation of Labor of the Balkans, and the Communist Party of Hungary. The resolutions stressed the necessity of unifying on an international scale all those who were in favor of the dictatorship of the proletariat and of drawing a sharp line between revolutionary proletariat and social "traitors."

Two days later the representatives of Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, Switzerland, the United States, the Balkan Federation, Poland, Finland, the Ukraine, Latvia, Esthonia, Armenia, and a fraction of the French Socialist Party issued to the workers of all nations the first manifesto of the Communist International:

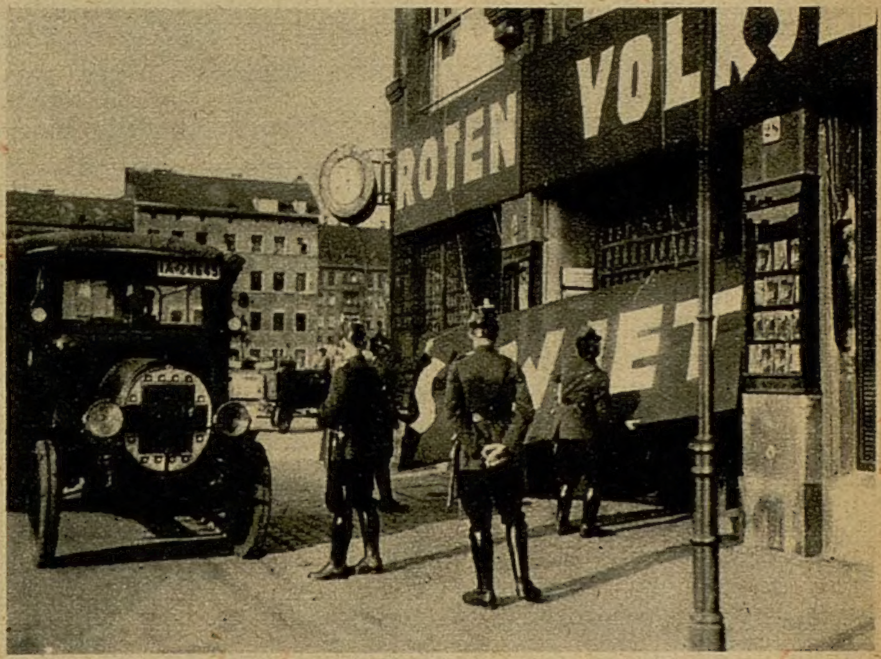
> Our duty is to gather together the revolutionary experiences of the working classes, to free the movement from the harmful interference of opportunist and social-patriotic elements, to unite the forces of all genuine revolutionary parties in the world proletariat and thereby to facilitate and hasten the victory of the Communist revolution.
>
> The only question is, who in the future is to conduct nationalized production, the imperialist state or the victorious working-class state? In other words, is the whole of laboring mankind to become serfs and day laborers under a victorious international clique which, in the name of the League of Nations, and assisted by an "international" army and an "international" fleet, alternately plunders or casts a morsel of bread to the needy, but everywhere keeps the proletariat in chains with the sole aim of retaining its own power; or shall the working classes in Europe and the most civilized countries of the world take into their own hands the shaken and ruined world economy and thus insure its restoration on the basis of Socialism?

A Red parade against unemployment in Vienna.

> To bring to an end the prevailing crisis will only be possible with the help of a proletarian dictatorship which will not look back to the past nor show consideration for inherited privileges or rights of property.

The Third International is the International of "open action of the masses and revolutionization." It is the "International of the deed." Its task is to overthrow the existing order and supplant it by a "new Socialist society" in which the proletariat regulates production.

> The proletariat creates a new form of apparatus comprising the entire working class, irrespective of their being ripe, in an expert and political service—an apparatus so elastic that it can always be renewed, always be extended, always attract fresh groups within its area, and open wide the doors for the groups of workers in town and country who are in close touch with the proletariat. This invaluable organization . . . has been tested by experience in several countries and is the greatest conquest and the most powerful weapon for the proletariat of our day.
>
> In all countries where the masses are awakened and have begun to think, workmen's, soldiers', and peasants' councils are constantly formed.
>
> The necessity of disarming the bourgeoisie and arming the proletariat, and thus raising an army for the protection of the power of the proletariat . . . will be clearly seen. Such is the Red Army of Soviet Russia which has arisen for the purpose of protecting the conquests of the working classes from all attacks, whether from inside or outside. The Soviet Army is inseparable from the Soviet State. . . .
>
> Join us, proletarians, in every country—flock to the banner of the workmen's councils, and fight the revolutionary fight for the power and dictatorship of the proletariat!



U. & U. News photo

Berlin police tear down Communist signboards.

The revolutionary epoch makes it necessary to concentrate all energies for "mass action." The "inevitable sequence" is to "open conflict with the bourgeois state." All other objects are subordinate to the final objective.

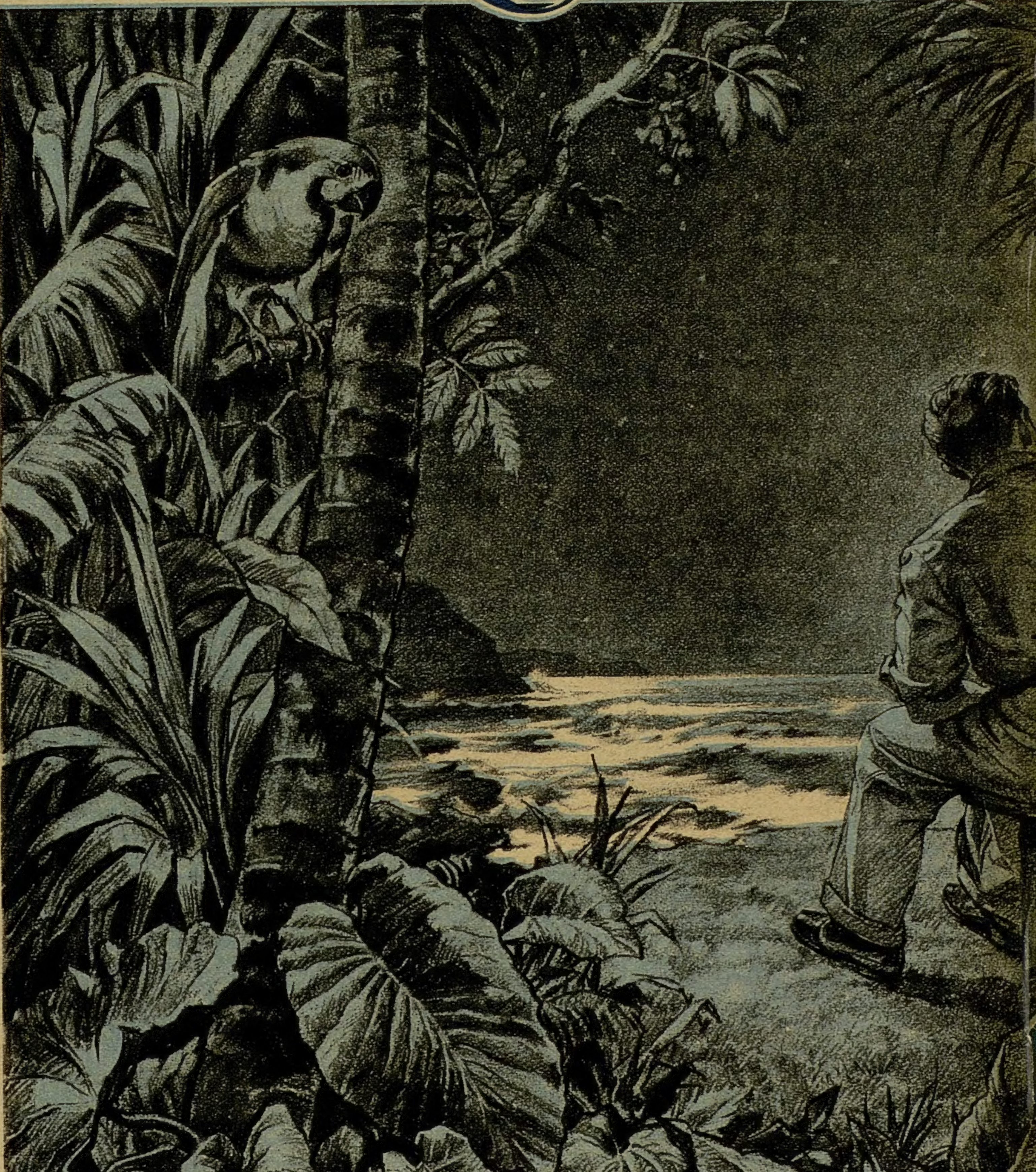
The Communist International, or Comintern, frankly avows its intention to use *every means* at its disposal for a violent overthrow of the existing order. It attempts to induce in the masses a sense of frustration and despair until revolution seems the only door to salvation.

In Liberty next week Mr. Viereck will explain the organization of the Communist International and will spotlight its present intentions and its ultimate aims. He will discuss Communist machinations in Germany before Hitler came into power, and the relations between Germany and the Soviets since that event. He will consider the outlook for Communism in the Far East, and the extent to which it may have been aggravating our own sufferings from the depression.

Illustrations by
Carl Link

The LONG

(Reading time: 30 minutes 36 seconds.)



SHE KICKED OFF HER SLIPPERS AND WENT BAREFOOT.

A Tale of Far Places, and the Shadow that Darkened a Woman's Dream of Love

IN the lagoon it was very quiet. Fifty seconds had sufficed to take the ketch from the cruel breakers outside into this strange sea sanctuary, this magic lake of larkspur and opal color, still as ice, with small green islets sparkling on the foamy edge of it like emeralds set in a giant silver ring. One large island plumed with coconuts lay in the center of the lake.

Sanctuary—sanctuary. That was the thought alike of Sue and of her man Justin Grey. Seven days had taken them in a passenger steamer from Sydney to the islands: an eloping pair, painfully keeping apart from each other, because Justin had said that it must be so, and Sue, not understanding, took it on faith, as she had taken everything else in that strange flight. Five tossing days and nights in an island ketch, captained and run by naked island men, had brought them from the little port to Manati Lagoon.

Out came the scanty cargo from the hold: cases of food, bundles of bedding, a box or so of kitchen stuff. The dinghy was slung over, the island men pulled ashore. There was the house, standing up on a beach as white as cotton—a brown little bungalow, tangled over with the splendid blooms of allamanda, bougainvillæa, and jasmine. Palm trees grew behind it. Through their long stems, that were so like the stems of flowers, springing and leaning, one could see endless layers of blue water, empty and free.

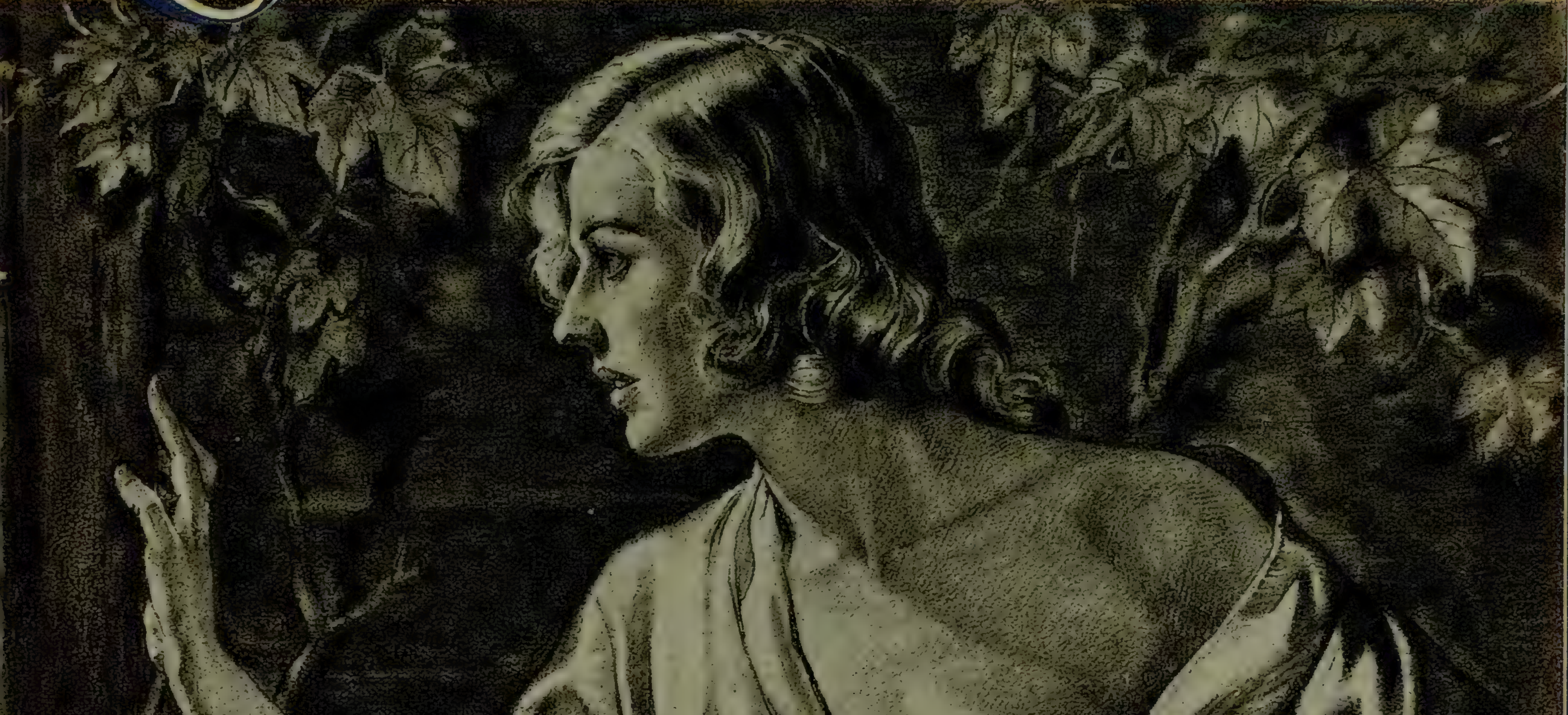
Three hundred miles from the nearest port, the nearest human being; two thousand miles from far-away thronged Sydney. Nobody to know them—nobody to trouble them.

Nobody had wanted to know why Justin was heading for Manati. It had been no one's business that he knew the owner, absent in New Zealand, and that he had had careless permission to go and camp there if ever he wanted an island holiday. Manati was too small for profit nowadays; the proprietor, Pirie, was simply letting it go.

The crew were getting ready to go. They had stayed

LAGOON

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW



AFTER ALL, SHE COULD HEAR VERY LITTLE; ONLY WHAT PIRIE WAS SAYING.

overnight, loaded the ketch with coconuts and fruit for the homeward journey, and were getting up the anchor. Among themselves they talked about Justin now, and laughed.

He had stolen the woman, one of them opined, smacking his lips as he said it. That was a fine thing to do. But the woman's owner would be very angry, because one could see that she was worth much, many pigs and arm shells. She was thin, like so many white women, but she had a pink-and-white face, and her hair, when it flew loose in the wind, was like the red-gold feathers of a bird of paradise. And the white man himself, though he was not tall, small almost, had an eye to make you afraid—blue as the kingfisher's back, but hard, commanding. He could fight. The native captain, giving insolence, had been floored by one blow of that white man's fist and thenceforth had been his servant. These things they talked about among themselves for a little, and then, with the lift and send of the ketch beneath their feet and the big sea opening out before, they set themselves to the journey and forgot.

But Sue and her man, safe at last, were finding, on this remote still island, paradise.

There was so much that Sue did not know—the secrecy of their hurried departure; the traveling under names not their own; the wedding at a port on the way, private, never mentioned to anyone on board. For all these things she could see no reasons entirely adequate.

It was true that she had thrown over, outrageously, another bridegroom; that he was a man of violent temper, whose crazy love for her had made her afraid of breaking with him, even after she had realized that Justin, small and poor and undistinguished, was the one man in the world for her. The whole thing was a mystery. She had actually married Harbuck—after waiting day and night, during a terrible week, for a letter from Justin that had never come. She had gone quietly away with Harbuck to the train. They were in their reserved compartment, waiting to start, when the white face of Justin had unbelievably appeared at the far side of the carriage—and his hand, beckoning to her. And at once she had known that she could not possibly go through with it.

She had opened the door and jumped right out on the line. James had grasped at her dress, asking her if she was mad, and she had pulled away, and Justin had said, "Leave him to me. Run! Go to the other side." Under carriages she had dodged, round the fronts of threatening engines, got to the down side of the platform. And there was Justin by and by, all out of breath, and the first thing he said was, "My letter—she put it in the wastepaper basket." Violently he had cursed somebody without name. But Sue understood; she knew his typist was in love with him.

But—she had not quite understood. She did not know exactly why he had been in such a hurry, even to the point of pulling her on when a cry and a crash behind them told of some accident upon the line. "Never mind," he said. "It will be looked after."

Then—the wedding at a registry office in a little seaport where no one ever came; where the ship stopped only an hour or two for cargo. Justin assured her that the other ceremony did not hold. No, there was no question of bigamy; she might trust him. She was not Harbuck's wife; she was only his—now.

"What did James do?" Sue demanded. "Was there another wife? Did he— What was it—"

"Little love," said Justin (she was as tall as he was; they walked away from the registry office together, and her shoulder, level, touched his), "you're better not knowing."

"Nonsense," said Sue. "I'm modern."

But he said, "Not modern enough for that," a trifle grimly, and Sue gave in.

"I shall make him tell me," she thought, "by and by. Of course a married woman may know anything."

Then they went back to the ship and were again as strangers.

All that had been forgotten on the first marvelous morning when Sue and Justin saw the dawn together over Manati Lagoon. They stood in the door of the little bungalow, Justin's arm about her waist, and silently they watched the sun ride up among the naked stems of the palm trees into a golden world.

"And the evening and the morning were the first day."

SOUTH two thousand miles, in Sydney city, the "overseers," were consulting about the runaway. The senior partner and the junior partner of the firm of Lloyd & Windrum, owners of a considerable clutch of magazines, were standing together inside the glass tank where Justin Grey, in the midst of typewriter clacking from his own floor and linotype clamor from the floor below, had been wont to edit two or three magazines and occasionally some one of the smaller papers left masterless by a man on holiday. Justin himself seldom took holidays. He seemed to have few amusements and no vices—unless one could count the writing of poetical drama a vice.

It was known, as most things are known in a newspaper office, that he spent half his evenings working on a play that was to out-Shakespeare Shakespeare—if ever it got on the stage—and the other half boxing at a sporting club where he was considered to be "hot stuff." If he had women friends, they were unknown, even to the staff. The fourth floor, where his glass cage was situated, maintained that Justin's typist, a plainish sentimental young woman, was in love with him, and that he didn't even suspect it; couldn't have told you what color her eyes were or whether she wore her hair bobbed or long.

Miss Markham, if anyone had asked her—but no one did—might have told you that Justin was a poet and a dreamer, that he could nevertheless knock the block off anybody his own weight and off most men a good deal heavier (Miss Markham had sporting brothers), that he was terribly impractical, and that Lloyd & Windrum made the most of that and got his services for half nothing.

Also that any woman he really wanted would have "come crawling," but that he didn't want anyone.

This may have been true—until the day when Sue Lloyd, niece of a former partner now deceased, made an unexpected incursion into the fourth floor one spring day of November; when she fluttered past the door of Justin's glass tank, bringing with her a breath of open bushlands, a singing note of spring, that made the imprisoned poet look up, catch his breath, and say something to himself about nymphs in Arcady.

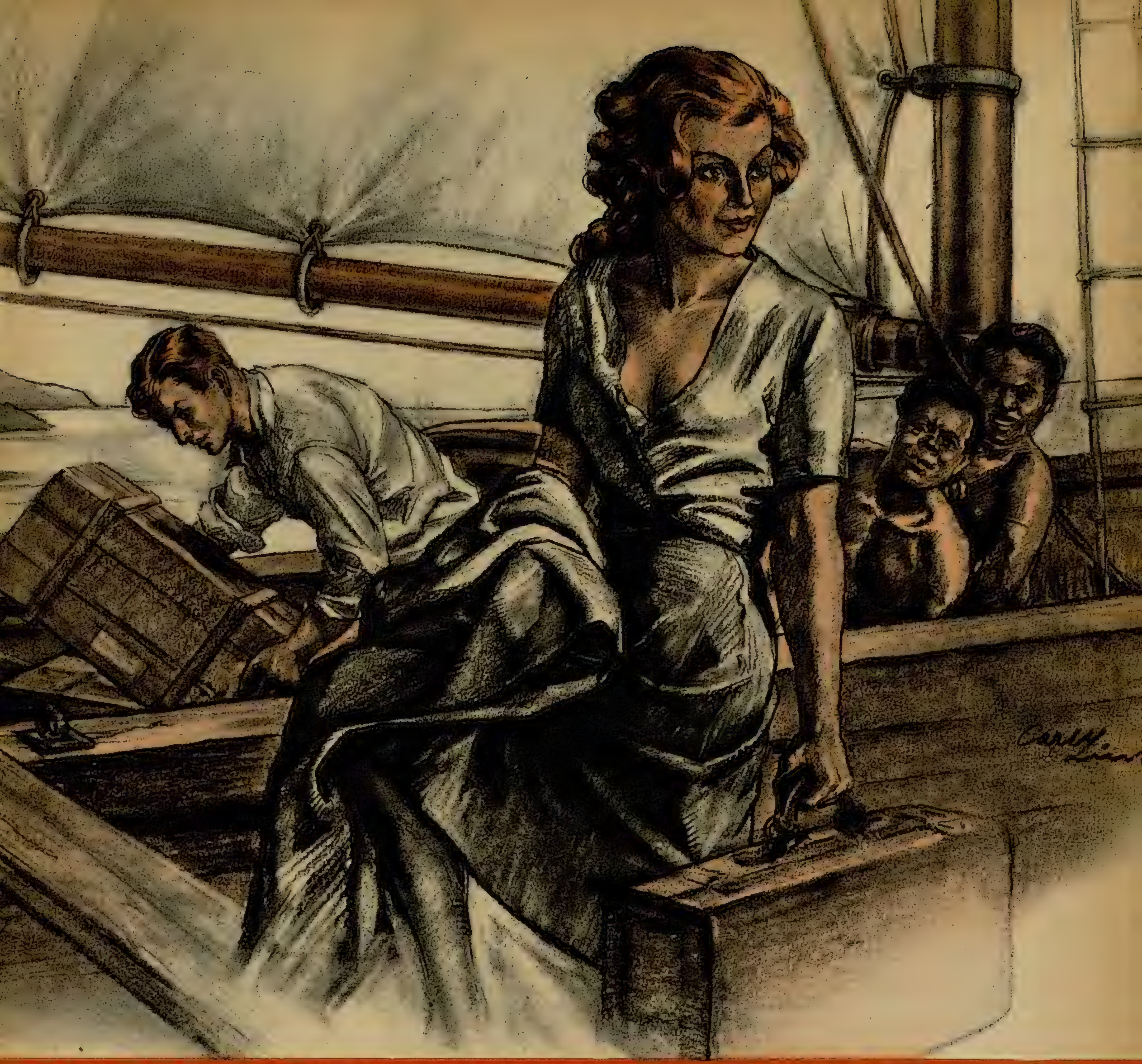
FROM that time, with antlike patience he garnered every scrap of information obtainable about Sue Lloyd and her affairs. He learned that she was an orphan, lived with aunts and cousins. That her people gave her not much money and very little freedom. That she was just twenty-one, though she looked no more than eighteen. That—news unwelcome!—she was engaged to be married: to a City stockbroker called James Harbuck, a fellow who was forty if a day.

Justin had seen him. He was a fattish, handsome man, queer-tempered-looking, heavy-eyed, supposed to be an amateur of feminine beauty. Easy to see why he wanted Sue; but not so easy to understand why that primavera, that flower of southern spring, should have promised herself to him.

. . . Until the first barriers were broken down and he and Sue had met each other, secretly, in Sydney's lovers' paradise, the Botanic Gardens. He had said to her, "You're going to throw over that fellow." She had made difficulties at first; told him she didn't know (but of course she did); said that James Harbuck had a way with him, that everybody said he knew everything about women.

"And I don't," Justin said humbly enough; "but there's one thing I do know that he doesn't."

Sue asked what that might be. She was not listening very much. Womanlike, she was looking at Justin, thinking as he talked that the blue of his eyes was true sailor blue, the color that marks gypsies, adventurers, born wanderers; wondering if he would ever know adventure, he who lived his life in a glass tank and made up little magazines. Then she became suddenly awake to what he was saying:



OUT CAME THE SCANTY CARGO: CASES OF FOOD, BUNDLES OF BEDDING, A BOX OR SO.

"The one thing in life that matters for any woman is not to miss her dream. Whatever it is, whatever it costs. If only she can have it, she can live her whole life on the memory of it. Magic bread, it is, that'll keep her from dying of hunger even when it's all gone."

"What is her dream?" Sue asked, low-voiced, hypnotized, staring at him. She knew the answer, of course; but how did Justin—any man—know so much? James Harbuck was always loading her with presents; promising her trips to England, motors, diamonds. He seemed to think that these things were a woman's dream. Well, so they were; but there were dreams and dreams, and James had never penetrated to the heart of hers.

Justin was answering: "The love that she wants most."

There was a moment's silence. Down the harbor a liner going out boomed good-by.

Justin said: "If it's me you want, say so. If it's Harbuck—"

"But it's not!" she said. And then a park keeper came up and told them, sympathetically enough, that couples using the Gardens were not supposed to kiss in public.

They met again after that, always in secret, because Sue was afraid of her family; afraid, too, of Harbuck.

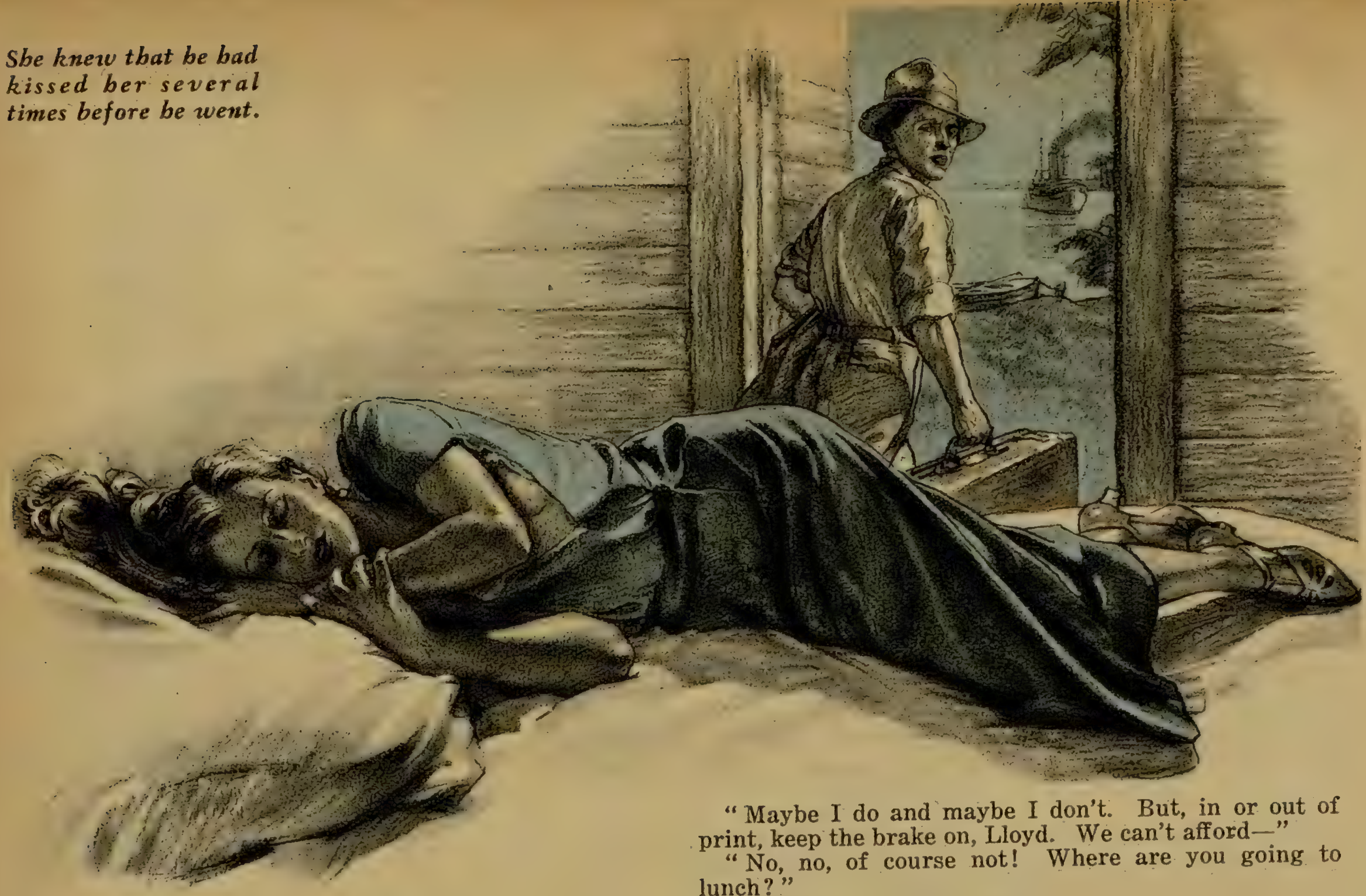
The wedding day, long since fixed, was allowed to approach. Presents began to come in. This, reaching Justin's ears, made him desperate. In his office one Saturday afternoon he wrote a long letter to Sue beseeching her to break off everything at once. He would wait, he said, three days for her answer. He would not see her till she had replied.

She did not reply.

Justin, after five days, wrote one brief angry line of farewell. To that Sue sent an answer by telegram. (Telephones had never helped the two. Justin could not use his office telephone, and there was none in Sue's home.)

"As you wish," the answer said.

On the day of the wedding, Justin, unexpectedly entering his office during the lunch hour—for he could not eat that day—found his typist coolly looking over the private letters in his basket; opening, with a heated pen-



She knew that he had kissed her several times before he went.

knife, an envelope that seemed to attract her interest.

Instantly he knew. And Miss Markham, with morbid delight, felt herself seized by the back of the neck and shaken. Justin was noticing her at last.

He shook the truth out of her. She acknowledged that, staying late ten days before, she had found his letter to Sue, read it, and destroyed instead of posting it. Yes, she knew she was wicked. No, she did not care, because she was going to go and jump over the Harbor Bridge that very afternoon, and then—

She found herself alone. Justin was gone.

You are not to see Miss Markham jump over the Harbor Bridge, that glory and pride of Sydney, so soon to be known as the Bridge of Sighs. You are to see her, instead, jump out of the story, saying as she goes, " Well, if I can't, she won't, and that's that."

But with Justin that was not always that. Too late for the church, he caught up with Sue at the station and carried her off. Now the last stage of the wild journey was over, the last refuge reached. And here, eating the magic bread that should never fail her, Sue knew that her own dream was found.

IN the Lloyd & Windrum offices, in Justin's vacant glass cage, the partners were aggrievedly discussing the loss of Grey, their willing and favorite slave. Nothing had been heard of him for weeks. Simply he had walked out without warning. They could not fill his place.

" Disgraceful! " Windrum said, and Lloyd said: " Outrageous! I shouldn't have thought he had it in him to do such a thing." Lloyd said: " You never know, with these poet chaps."

" Well, it's a nuisance about that Harbuck wedding business. Sensation of the day, and not a decent write-up man left to handle it. Jones made a mess—"

" Yes. Grey would have done it justice. Sort of mad thing he'd sympathize with. I don't know but what we're as well rid of him, after all."

Windrum kept silence for a minute. Then he said, " I'm not quite satisfied."

" What, about the report? "

" No. About him. And, mark me, neither are some other people, if I don't miss my guess."

" What! You don't think—"

" Maybe I do and maybe I don't. But, in or out of print, keep the brake on, Lloyd. We can't afford—"

" No, no, of course not! Where are you going to lunch? "

The glass door swung behind. . . .

In Manati Lagoon the clock of Time had stopped. Neither Sue nor Justin knew what day it was. Among the islands, the far-out islands where no steamers go, you even now may recover the ancient leisures of a timeless world.

Almost perfect this illusion was for Justin and Sue, the perfect lovers, together savoring their magic bread. Almost!

It was a little strange to Sue that her lover should spend so many hours at work upon his drama; typing away busily in the small hours of dawn; bringing his papers down to the shelter of the flowering calophyllums on the beach when sun was high and Sue could do nothing but lie on the shaded sand and sleep. Hurry, surely, was alien to everything within this enchanted coral ring of Manati. Yet one could almost have thought that Justin was working against time, running a race—with what?

Sue asked no questions. She was learning her man.

THERE came a day when Justin spoke, at last, of his work.

Speeding furiously, he had completed sheet after sheet, casting them down as they were done. Suddenly he stopped, lifted his arms above his head in a long gesture of relief.

" Done! " he said. " Done—in time."

Sue raised herself and looked at him. He was putting away the sheets in a briefcase and locking it.

" Take the case and the key," he said. " Take care of it."

She stared. She did not quite understand.

" It's your play, isn't it? " she said.

They had always understood each other about that. It was agreed that Sue didn't care for poetry, only for poets. She had never read a line of the play. And here was Justin giving it into her hands.

" All right," she said, taking the case. " I'll put it among my things. But why—"

" Next time you say ' why,' " said Justin, " look in the glass. ' Why ' is an ugly word; it makes a woman's mouth look like a frog's."

Sue said indignantly, " My mouth is not like a frog's," and held it up for him *(Continued on page sixteen)*

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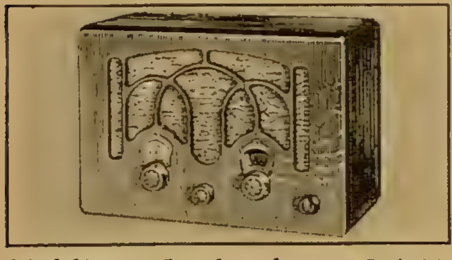

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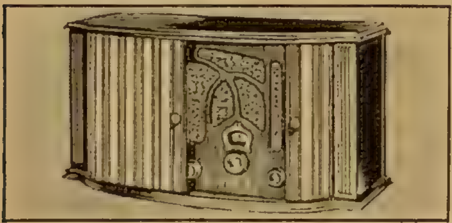

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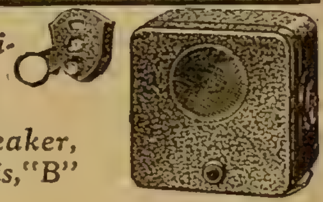

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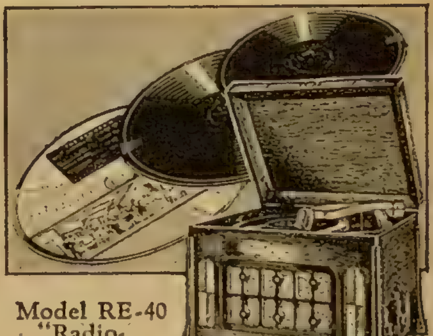

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(Continued from page fourteen)

to see. So he kissed her and sat down beside her.

They were silent for a little while, and then he said, “All the rest of the time belongs to you, sweetheart.” There was something in that that sent another “why” spinning up, like a bubble in a spring, from the depths of Sue’s mind; but she thought of frogs and said nothing. Justin was the perfect lover—yes; but he might as well have been Bluebeard when it came to asking questions.

On the next day a streak of smoke, long and thin, showed up beyond the reef; a dusky wavering line like the first tentative thread of a spider’s web.

Justin took the glass and looked at the oncoming smoke. “I think it’s Pirie,” he presently said.

“Who is he?”

“Owner of Manati. That’s a big oil-burning launch; coming from the way of the Fijis. The Fijis would be his port from Auckland. He was in New Zealand.”

“And he’s coming here?” She did not like to ask why. But Justin answered the unspoken question—or did he answer it?

“Pirie’s a good chap. He and I are mates. You’ll like him.” He seemed to be certain that it was Pirie. Strange, though, that a man’s mate should come thousands of miles to call on him!

It was like the breaking of a magic mirror when the launch came into the lagoon that had not for so long been stirred by anything larger than the keel of a fishing canoe.

Somebody came ashore in the launch’s dinghy. Somebody tall and thin and reddish-haired, plain-faced but likable. “Yes,” Sue thought when she saw. “Justin’s friend would be likable.” She watched the meeting.

“I knew it would be you,” Justin greeted him. “May I introduce Jack Pirie—my wife?”

Pirie took off his hat to Sue. “Delighted,” he said. “Hope you like the place. It’s looking well.” He had not looked at the place at all. He was looking at Justin, and Sue thought—she could not be quite sure—that Justin was making signals to him. At any rate he had a finger on his lip when Sue caught his eye, but he took it away immediately.

Justin introduced Pirie to her, and they exchanged polite talk for a minute or two, all the time watching one another.

She excused herself and left them. “What has he come for?” she thought, nibbling at the points of her nails. “Is James on the way here? Does he mean to fight Justin, or bring an action against him?” She thought it would be an action. But then, what about the thing that James himself must have done that made their marriage no marriage?

All that afternoon while the men walked about the island, among the palms that didn’t pay, talking, talking—but not, she was sure, about palms—Sue suffered agony.

NIGHT came, with red-geranium twilight, with the frigate birds planing and screaming their evening calls overhead. Supper was finished. Justin had carried in wood and water, and Sue, with Pirie’s help, had washed up and tidied things away.

She had thought she would not sleep that night, but sleep found her early. Later, awaking, she saw in the light of a low moon that Justin’s bed was empty. “They are talking again,” she thought, and got up and wrapped herself in a dust-colored kimono and went out. At first she could see nothing but the ivory-gray sand of the beach, with the big black shadow of the copra house blocking out a world of stars. Then a faint sound of talking came to her ears, and with it the smell of cigarettes. “They are behind the copra house,” she thought, kicked off her slippers, and went barefoot, noiseless, in pursuit.

After all, she could hear very little: only what Pirie was saying in answer to Justin, who was farther away, toward the corner of the house.

“. . . . stick by you, old man, whatever happens.” . . . “No, not long; things are working up.” . . . “Yes, of course; burned every newspaper I had with me.” (“So that,” the eavesdropper told herself, “is what he was doing away at the back of the island!”)

Justin said, audibly now, “Well—” and Sue knew by the tone of his voice that the conclave was ended. She fled.

He was whistling softly when he came back into their room. She lay with her eyes closed, hating the sound. She had learned already that this man of hers smiled when he was hurt, whistled his gayest tunes when things were going wrong.

In the morning the world had taken on another tone. She could almost have persuaded herself that nothing was wrong. The men seemed quite at ease. They went fishing, oyster picking; they swam in the lagoon; they shot pigeons for her to cook.

Pirie was delightful, a cultured, pleasant man of the world, with just the fine touch of perfect manner that riches give to some men while withholding it from others. James Harbuck hadn’t had it, she remembered. More than ever she wondered what James was about. He was not the man to accept patiently the unforgivable thing that Justin had done to him.

A day or two passed. Then Justin was packing up. Sue asked him why he was preparing to leave. She said she would have liked to stay on and on at Manati after Pirie had gone—and surely he would not long remain, interrupting their honeymoon. She said she did not want even to think about life in Australia again.

Justin let her talk, and somehow managed not to answer, even though he talked in return. “Bluebeard!” she called him. He laughed; he whistled now and then, and sometimes, in his toneless pleasant voice, sang part of a sea song. Sue did not like that.

She would rather have seen him grave.

JUSTIN went on packing, quietly, unhurriedly, putting together his papers and his few clothes, and leaving most of the suitcases for her. One of his own she did not see him pack. He had put it away in a corner. She found it and lifted it; it was heavy as lead. She wondered.

That afternoon Pirie, who had been unloading his launch to have a look at the hull, was heard scolding a native sailor down on the beach. “Where you put that ’nother pig of lead?” he asked. “Bring all the ballast, puttem back again.” The native sulkily said that the other chief had taken away the pig of lead. “You lie,” Pirie indignantly said. “Find it and bring it.” But the native could not find it.

Lead is worth silver in the islands. Pirie seemed certain that the man had taken the pig and cached it.

Justin said nothing. But Sue wondered about that suitcase. “Heavy as lead”—and locked.

Another day came, and another, and then came that which wordlessly they had been awaiting—the second ship.

This was no pleasure boat, no trader’s ketch of the islands. It was a smart schooner-rigged vessel of a hundred tons with powerful twin oil engines. Straight for the passage it came, pitching against the rising south-east wind; and when it was yet far off they could see the flag—a blue ensign with the Southern Cross.

“Government boat,” said Pirie, handing the glass to Justin Grey.

Justin said without looking, “Federal Queen.” It was the name of the yacht that took care of the island group.

Pirie suddenly caught Justin’s hand and wrung it hard. Justin, seeming not to notice, said, “The passage is tricky. I’d better take the dinghy and pilot her in.”

Sue understood that he wanted to speak to the people on the boat. The passage was bad, but that wasn’t all. She knew.

They saw him scull himself out beyond the reef, signal, and catch the Jacob’s ladder of the ship. For as much as three or four minutes he stood on deck talking to the captain, a smartly uniformed white man. Then the captain stepped back and motioned him to the bow. He stood there while the engines got to work again, and afterward conned her in, motioning with his hand. The engines stopped; the anchor went down. Justin spoke to the captain, dropped into the dinghy and came ashore.

Sue was waiting. It seemed to her as if the day had miraculously turned cold on tropical Manati; she shivered a little and her teeth wouldn’t keep still. Justin went with her to the house. Alone in the bedroom, he looked around, drew a long breath, and took her to his heart.

"Why, you're shaking!" he said, holding her.

She asked nothing; she looked at him.

"There's a little trouble, lover," he said. "Something about Harbuck and our marriage. I must go back with the government boat. You return with Pirie, and we'll meet—later on." He did not say when or where.

She kept holding on to him; her heart seemed to stop.

"At once?" she managed to say.

"Why, yes," he replied. "You take the suitcase with my manuscript and bring it along with you. I'm taking this."

He picked up the other suitcase—the heavy one. She still kept her hands clasped on his arm. It was as if she had fainted while standing upright.

Afterward she knew that he had kissed her several times, unwound her fingers, and laid her on the bed before he went. She found herself there by and by. The Federal Queen was nothing but a smear of smoke far out at sea.

Pirie came in presently, and told her that they might as well start that day, if she could manage it. They would get to the island port, he said, not very long after the Queen, maybe twelve hours or so. His launch was fast.

She began to question him. He listened till she had done, and then said:

"I promised Justin. God knows why—but I can't break it."

She cried then, and he said, "You'll know when we get to port anyhow. The sooner we go the better."

IT was near sunset when they cleared the reef, passing in one moment from the enchanted stillness of Manati to the tumble of a wind-tormented world beyond. Sue, holding by one of the stays, looked back and saw the lagoon set like a golden shield in the midst of the broken sapphires of the outer sea. The little house was gilded; the leaning palms were columns of sheer gold. Unearthly, fairylike it seemed. And then the sun slipped down, so swift that you could almost hear it go.

Rain followed, through the night and day; the seas went down. The launch made fast time. Sue, determined to break Pirie's resistance, waited till the sky was clear, till the launch was running straight and easily, with not a reef in sight. Then she came upon him in the little cabin, stood in the door, and told him flatly that she would not let him out until he had told her.

Pirie was already beginning to weaken. The beauty of Sue was wine and honey to his own youth. He would not have taken a kiss or caught her shoulders in his arm; she was his friend's now. "But if," he thought—"if things go as they probably will, why shouldn't I?"

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Sue said, fixing him with her heavy-lidded eyes, “You'll have to tell me. It's right you should.”

“Well, if you put it that way,” temporized Pirie.

“Isn't it right for me to know about my husband?”

Pirie was not thinking about right; he was wondering just what color you would call those gray-brown brilliant eyes. “Ambergris,” he thought. “That's the word.”

Aloud he said, “What's it you want me to tell you?”

Sue sat down. “I want to know first what it was that my—that Mr. Harbuck did.”

Pirie had not expected this question. “Harbuck didn't do anything,” he said, staring.

There was a silence. The sound of the sea ruffling along the launch's counter seemed to fill the little cabin like invading waters.

Sue said, “What is it?”

Pirie, collecting his courage (“I can't stand this; she ought to know”), struck out:

“Harbuck couldn't have done anything, because—he was dead.”

“Dead!” She said it over once or twice, as if feeling the word. “But I left him in the carriage!”

“Justin got in, and you left. And there was a quarrel. Nobody saw it; that's the— Well! Justin says that Harbuck tried to get out and bring you back, and he held him, and Harbuck hit him, and he hit him one on the temple to keep him quiet, and Harbuck dropped. So Justin looked and saw he was dead. There was nobody about. The Melbourne express was leaving from another platform. He left him there and cut across to you. He said he wasn't going to let hell or high water come between him and you. And he knew if he told you—”

“Yes?” Sue was very quiet now, watching his face, weighing every word.

“—or if anybody caught him, it would be all up. He said he knew it was bound to come, but it shouldn't come before— He said he kept everything from you and made a bolt with you for the most out-of-the-way place he could think of. He said he knew trouble would start as soon as Harbuck was found, but it would take time to identify him, and to find him too. He said he knew it was bound to end the way it did, but he was thinking right along of what would be best for you. Though I must say if it had been I—”

“DON'T you dare to criticize him!” Justin's wife broke in. “You don't understand him. He wanted me to have my happiness to look back on. He said once that if a woman had had her dream—”

“Dreams are all very well,” Pirie said, “and I will say that he must have had the courage of—of—I don't know what—to go through with everything and never let you know. But that's Justin. But I wanted to say that there's more in it than you think. You—you must realize—there were no witnesses; there was motive enough—for anything; Justin's known to be a fighter—”

Sue's scream pierced the cabin roof.

“Do you mean—they'll hang him?”

Pirie said concisely, “He'll be damn' lucky if they don't.” Then he looked for her to faint.

She did not faint. Some process seemed to be going on in her mind at which he could not guess. She sat staring, like one hypnotized, for the space of twenty or thirty seconds. Then she rose and said sharply:

“You've got to catch the Federal Queen!”

“It wouldn't be any use.”

“You don't understand.” She was breathing quickly; her eyes showed white above and below the pupils. “The suitcase,” she said. “The suitcase with the lead in it!”

“Lead? My pig of ballast? Was that where it—”

“Yes. He means to save me the—the—last.”

Pirie understood. Justin was Justin still. Sue was not to know the agony of his trial, his frightful death. A pig of lead in his clothes, a spring over the side, and it would be ended. Ended, life and love and the golden honeymoon. Only remembrance—clean remembrance—left.

There might, of course, have been a chance of escape. No one knew what a trial might or might not bring forth.

But Justin had reckoned with his small chance and rejected it; sunk it—with a pig of lead.

She told these things to Pirie swiftly. It was just possible— The launch was small compared to the Federal Queen, and they had already ventured on a short cut or so among the reefs.

PIRIE knew the seas here like the palm of his hand. Could he do it?

Promptly he said that he could, if Sue would take the risk.

She answered him with a look that said simply, “How can you ask?”

“Rakata Passage may do the trick,” he told her. “If we hit it near high tide it will save forty miles of going round Rakata Lagoon. I don't know if she'll do it or not, but we can try.”

“Do it,” said Sue—and suddenly, bending over him, kissed him. Then she was gone, and the door was empty, and the huge Pacific rollers, platinum and saxe blue, swung from the threshold to the lintel and down again.

Pirie, somewhat bitterly, quoted:

> “Jenny kissed me when we met,
> Jumping from the chair she sat in;
> Time, you thief, who love to get
> Sweets into your list, put that in!

And that, I suppose, is that.”

“Still,” a malicious demon whispered to him, “you may be too late; and then—”

They reached Rakata Lagoon by sunrise, and on a half tide most perilously ground their way across the coral. They made the passage; they crossed the lagoon. And there, blackening the heavens with the reek of her squat funnel, went the government boat outside.

Pirie turned out his flag locker. “Thank the Lord,” he said, “I learned signaling when I got this hooker of mine. It'll take some doing.”

He signaled, “Wish to communicate—urgent.”

“If we're too late—” said Sue.

Pirie, not looking at her, almost wishing now that they might be late (for, after all, wasn't he a better guardian for a woman than Justin Grey?), nevertheless did his best with the flags.

“That means,” he told her, “‘Put prisoner under restraint.’ They're answering they understand.”

Sue gave a cry. “We're in time!”

Beginning Next Week—

PRETTY SADIE McKEE

THE STORY OF ANOTHER

BAD GIRL

By **Viña Delmar**

Also stories and articles by J. C. Long, Adela Rogers St. Johns, D. E. Wheeler, Groucho Marx, Mabel McElliott Clarke and others

"I reckon so. Now I've told them 'Search his luggage.' Now they answer 'Understood.' And now—"

"Now," she said with sparkling eyes, "you're the best and bravest man in the world—except—"

"Oh, gee, yes—except. 'Understood!'" he told her, mimicking the signals. . . .

The judge was hot; the court was hot. It was February, midsummer in Sydney. Hotter than it might have been, too, had not the court been crowded to the doors. They were trying Justin Grey, and the trial was almost over.

"We cannot," said the judge, "allow the citizens of this commonwealth of ours to act from blind impulse, letting loose disruptive and antisocial passions with terrible result—we cannot, I say, permit that these things shall pass unchecked, no matter what the alleged provocation may have been.

"Most fortunate it is for the prisoner that the railway porter, William Grice, injured when shunting luggage vans in the vicinity of the carriage occupied by the late James Harbuck, should have recovered in time to give his testimony of what he saw. Otherwise the result might have been—must have been—of the very gravest.

"As it is, and as the jury have brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner Justin Grey, and as the medical adviser of the late James Harbuck has certified that his patient was suffering from high pressure of blood, rendering him liable to death from causes comparatively light . . ."

The address droned on, and ended at last in the words: "Three years."

EYES, only, met across the thronged court room. Blue eyes said to eyes of amber, "Not so long," and grisamber eyes, though wet, answered bravely, "I'll be waiting."

Pirie, helping Sue to her taxi and taking his seat beside her, began to talk. One had to say something.

"I—I told him, if he wanted to buy, I'd sell him Manati cheap. You know, this trial put his play right on its legs, and it'll run, and he'll run—he'll be able to afford fancies."

Sue said, unashamedly wiping her eyes, "We thought of that; but we've agreed to leave Manati to the frigate birds."

"Why?" Pirie asked, biting off the end of a cigar and not looking at her.

"You don't want," said Sue, "to break the wings of a dream."

The streets of Sydney were racing by in a bath of amber sun. Pirie looked beyond them to the rainbow-shaped arch of the bridge with the sea beneath.

Pirie said, "There's good fishing in New Zealand."

Sue caught his hand. "As good fish," she said, "as ever came out—" And then she ended; for she was very sorry.

THE END

"REGULAR" FOLKS
BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER
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Why Mr. is *All*

To Fight the Depression, We Help Himself—The Same

Says BERNARR

DECORATIONS

IN Liberty last week Upton Sinclair, the world-famous Socialist author, compared President Roosevelt's proposed measures against the Depression to mere " plasters put upon a cancer." He doubted if our " outworn " competitive system would last four years, unless with the help of a world war—which must end in ruin. Sooner or later, unless a new system were substituted, the people, he warned, would act; and he pointed to what had happened in Russia. He then called upon the President to start a saving new system by taking over the idle factories from private ownership, paying government bonds for them, and putting " all the workers at the task of producing goods for themselves and for one another."

This would amount to the government taking over industry, for " a nation cannot exist half capitalized and half socialized. Public industry will put private industry out of business everywhere if it is given a chance today." The result would be " plenty for us all "; consumption would balance production and " our economic life could boom forever." As for the present system's burden of debt to " parasitic " capitalists, with an enormous fixed charge, Mr. Sinclair said the President could fix the interest rate on the bonds to be paid for the industries; the bonds need not be tax-free; and an inheritance tax would pare down the debt and " wipe it out in one or two generations."

Such were the contentions by Upton Sinclair which Mr. Macfadden now answers.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 5 seconds.)

IN an open letter to his fellow Americans, Upton Sinclair in our last issue paints an appallingly pessimistic picture of our present difficulties. In his opinion the momentous plans of the President to lift us from the Depression are doomed to failure, and we are fast moving toward a brand of Socialism which Mr. Sinclair has been advocating for the past generation. He points with pride to the accuracy of some of his former predictions, to give more weight to his present one.

Much of Sinclair's reasoning is clear-cut and convincing. A large part of Mr. Sinclair's indictment stands. Democracy hangs its head in shame—not because Democracy in itself is a failure, but because it has not lived up to its own ideals.

Democracy is now rallying its forces to retrieve itself. There is every reason why Democracy should make gigantic efforts to restore that system to which our country owes its greatness. There is no reason for marching to the goose step of Socialism or to the strains of the Red International. Competition is the lifeblood of Democracy, as well as the lifeblood of the system upon which our civilization is founded. Neither Mr. Sinclair's modest efforts to establish a Socialist community in Helicon Hall, which like all similar attempts ended in dismal failure, nor the experiment conducted by the Bolshevists on territory embracing one eighth of the globe, has as yet definitely demonstrated the superiority of Socialism or Communism over Capitalism.

In America only the unemployed stand in the bread line. In Russia, it is said that even those who work must often stand for hours in line, even for a loaf of bread.

I do not make this statement to belittle the terrific efforts of the Bolshevists to establish their form of Utopia. I merely wish to point out that Socialism has not yet proved its ability to create a civilization. Every great civilization of the past or present we know is based on the principles of competition.

Mr. Sinclair may retort that some of the plans of our President restrict competition and individual initiative, but he has explained that they are temporary expedients. In times of war it is sometimes necessary to adopt unprecedented measures to insure immediate action. In the War with the Depression some of our industries may be subjected temporarily to martial law. But the ultimate object is not to enslave but to free business.

President Roosevelt does not claim infallibility. Faced with truly extraordinary emergencies, he has recommended extraordinary remedies. He is not a dictator, although Congress has vested him with immense powers in certain circumscribed governmental activities.

Sinclair Wrong

Must Help the Individual to
Holds True of Industry

MACFADDEN

Y CARL PFEUFER

Perhaps all the various measures that he has adopted will fail, as Mr. Sinclair maintains; though already new confidence is rising, new strength is stirring throughout the nation. If some of his measures fail, which must be expected, the lessons that should be learned from this experience should be helpful in creating measures that will be effective. Compared with the inactivity of the previous administration, the speed with which Mr. Roosevelt moves is a welcome relief.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Sinclair's reasoning concerning the effect of the bank holiday, his skeptical attitude on the return of beer and many other individual policies of the administration. But when he condemns Democracy, which is inseparable from the competitive system known as Capitalism, and blames them for the evils from which we suffer, I strenuously object.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century America was known everywhere as the country where all men were born free and equal. To be sure, being born free and equal merely means the free exercise of one's gifts and equality of opportunity. Inheritance, environment, and other influences render complete freedom and complete equality a myth—an ideal that can be approached but never reached, even in a Democracy.

America was cradled in Democracy. For a time the American Constitution, which so many of us view with reverence, insured perpetuation of democratic principles. In the first part of the twentieth century the Constitution was subject to divers modifications. The principles which it so eloquently proclaimed were trespassed upon with increasing boldness until at the present time many of its pronouncements are little more than "scraps of paper."

The freedom of the press which the Constitution vouchsafes, and for which we fought with such fierce determination in former years, is still assailable to a certain extent through indirect measures by various arms of the government, such as the Post Office Department and local police power.

THERE is very little in the universe that is perfect unless we turn to the celestial realm. The movements of the heaven above us, the sun, the moon, the stars, and our own earth, are controlled by a power dependable at all times. Human intelligence usually attributes this control to the omnipotent power of the Almighty.

If we were to search in the human realm for a guiding force that is just as dependable, we would find it in the law of supply and demand. The law of supply and demand is as dependable as the movements of the heaven above us. It may work grim injustice to individuals, or even to groups, but ultimately it works for justice to the majority. The law of supply and demand cannot go wrong unless it is artificially swerved from its course. Beneficent Democracy is equally just unless it is selfishly thwarted. The history of our people demonstrates the validity of this statement.

The marvelous growth of our country from the crude beginnings of our pioneer ancestors has been due to the democratic principles which inspired the framers of our Constitution. But these principles have been encroached upon until they have lost much of their original force.

The impetus given to the evolution of America enabled us to build a mighty nation, acknowledged until the recent past as the greatest and most powerful commonwealth on the face of the globe. If we had adhered to our original principles there would have been no retrogression.

Mr. Sinclair tells us the government must take over all our industrial activities. Unfortunately, most of our present troubles have been caused largely by governmental interference with business. Such, at least, is the opinion of every farsighted business man.

The Farm Board is an apt illustration of governmental management. Starting out to control the price of wheat and cotton it precipitated the lowest prices in history.

The government took over the railroads during the World War, and although they have been nominally turned back to their owners, our great transportation system is still handicapped by the continuance of governmental control. And nearly all of our railroads are bankrupt.

Governmental control means indifferent and usually inefficient management. A business that grows up from natural processes automatically develops capable executives. But when a government takes over a business of any kind, a politician, or a half-baked theorist with little or no actual experience, usually receives the controlling power.

The defenders of public ownership frequently point to the efficiency of the Post Office Department. But even the Post Office could be run more effectively and more economically by private ownership.

Private ownership means individual undivided interest of those in control. In public ownership the responsibility is diffused. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. It is the undivided interest of private ownership that creates and builds up a business.

Mr. Sinclair tells us that the President should take over all the idle plants, put people to work, and furnish the farmers with what they need.

The question arises—who is to pay the wages and who is to supply the farmers and other consumers with the money to buy agricultural and industrial products?

And then Mr. Sinclair tells us that private ownership is the cause of our trouble! He says: "Each of us against all the others, we compete for money and for chances to make money, and the strongest solidify their positions, and are able to get more and more."

But there is nothing the matter with the competitive system if it is conducted honestly. Every individual who has accomplished anything in life has advanced only through hard work, close application to problems stimulated and made more commanding by competition. Our industrial giants, our Carnegies, our Rockefellers, our Edisons, our Fords, our great scientists and our great inventors labored and battled, spurred on by competition.

If we lived under a noncompetitive system we might all have board and clothes and certain crude comforts. But it would be a listless world. There would be no necessity for courage, no special incentive to strive for the prizes of life. Some other incentive would have to be found or man could never soar to the heights.

Competition gives zest to life. It begins when we are but little more than toddlers. It inspires us in the schoolroom. It dominates the athletic field. It drives us onward in the struggle for existence.

Mr. Sinclair is himself the product of the competitive system in the literary world. He has reached his present pinnacle of fame through the hardest efforts and close application. He is what he is because he tries to do the things he can do a little better than anyone else. How would Mr. Sinclair fare under a noncompetitive system in the Socialist world? How many Sinclairs has Soviet Russia produced in a half generation?

Yes. Democracy may gain something, but not by sacrificing any of the great principles that have brought us our supremacy. We have suffered immeasurably both in ideals and in material worth by the gradual usurpation of the rights of the states by the national government.

THE present Socialist activities of our national government have enormously increased our taxes. Federal expenses have grown from five hundred million a year in the early part of this century to more than four thousand million dollars.

Instead of extending these governmental activities they should be wiped out absolutely. This is the job President Roosevelt proposed to assume in accordance with his campaign promises. But in its accomplishment he may have to assume temporarily almost dictatorial power.

It is true that our recovery today may be more difficult than in other crises. In former depressions, as Mr. Sinclair points out, we had public lands on which the victims of unemployment could settle. There is far less public land at the present time. But there are millions upon millions of acres of idle fertile ground waiting for the plow, which can be just as accessible through governmental edict as were the public lands of former times.

I have stated on numerous occasions that the return to this land is the sole remedy for the problem of unemployment that faces us on so prodigious a scale.

Those who cannot find employment must go back to the land. There at least they can be self-supporting.

Large numbers of people have changed their place in the bread line for a place on the farm. Assisted with the implements and other essentials to give them a start, they have regained self-respect and conquered starvation.

The prime object of our fight against the Depression must be to help the individual to help himself. The same holds true of industry. The extension of governmental control and the removal of the spur of competition is as destructive to industry as it is to the individual.

Equal rights to all, with favors to none, is and must be the policy of democratic government, and such a policy is essential to the development of a great people. But, barring the extension of equal opportunities, the state should not interfere in the life of the individual or the life of business.

PRACTICALLY all the marvelous inventions of recent years owe their existence to the incentive of competition. It may be that invention has outstripped our adaptability. Many of our difficulties are maladjustments. For all that, we may be nearer to Utopia than we realize. Labor-saving devices will give us undreamed-of leisure. But they do not and should not make us machines. Man still must strive, he must compete with his fellows to achieve still higher standards and to assure human progress. What we need at the present time is not the noncompetitive Socialism of my friend Sinclair, but a return to the old type of Democracy, from which our country derived its greatness and its power, and with it a return to the old-time honesty, the unselfish devotion to duty that guided the lives of our ancestors.

This crisis will not be without compensation if it impels us to recapture the spirit of self-sacrifice that made us win the war. At that time every citizen vied with every other citizen to bring to a successful conclusion the gigantic enterprise in which we were engaged.

These material and spiritual forces can be enlisted once more if we realize that the war which we face at this time is many times worse than the World War. The primitive democratic virtues and the individual initiative which helped through other crises should save us once more from disaster.

THE END

Another Answer to Upton Sinclair

By

George MacDonald

George MacDonald

Chairman of the Home Loan Banks of New York and New Jersey. A director of the Cities Service Company, the Consolidated Oil Corporation, the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, the Manufacturers' Trust Company. A Papal marquis.

NO one denies that our present economic system is in a badly damaged condition. Honest differences of opinion, however, exist as to remedies. Under such circumstances, remedies are always empirical.

President Roosevelt, outlining his emergency program, frankly told the American people: "I do not deny that we may make mistakes of procedure as we carry out the policy. I have no expectation of making a hit every time I come to bat. What I seek is the highest possible batting average not only for myself but for the team." This is not the dogmatic utterance of a theorist but the honest expression of an American citizen doing his utmost to find a cure for the ills of the body politic.

Obviously, such a realistic view of the problem will not appeal to the unthinking with the same force as the promises of immediate and permanent cure made by Marxian theorists.

As Morris Hillquit, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, said: " Stated in more concrete terms, the Socialist program requires the public or collective ownership of the principal instruments and agencies of production and distribution of wealth—the land, mines, railroads, steamboats, telegraph and telephone lines, mills, factories, and modern machinery." This Socialist program, in plain English, means that all instruments of production and distribution which have been created by private initiative are to be taken over by the state and managed by the politicians. It is a plan to make political office instead of material success the chief objective of ambition. Its adoption would destroy the beneficial results of reasonable competition.

Moreover, the Socialist is a man who does not agree with the rules of the game as he finds it. In fact, Socialist history both here and abroad shows that he even rebels against the rules of his own making. That history is a narrative of constant party quarrels over doctrines and methods, with resulting division into irreconcilable and contending sects, each claiming to promote the only perfect program for ushering in the millennium. Since the Socialists have proved unable to govern themselves within their own party ranks, we may be excused for questioning their ability to control either industry or government.

President Roosevelt's emergency program contrasts sharply with that of the Socialists, which would scrap all that has proven beneficial in American experience and substitute for it a theoretical system which has never actually been tried. Discarding the disproven and faulty parts of the old machine, he is putting the American factory on a running basis again with a program calculated to gather speed as its new and renovated organization proves worthy of the test of the people. The President's industrial measures propose to eliminate cutthroat competition but to preserve those features of individual initiative which make for progress. He is taking over management of industry on a basis that is calculated at preserving national institutions and also assuring fair wages, shorter working hours, and production to meet consumption. In the banking field, he seeks to prevent the repetition of ruinous abuses. He is attempting by various means to increase the farmer's revenue and ease the pressure of his debts. And he proposes that the American people shall do their part toward international peace and restoration of international trade.

There may be just differences of opinion as to the effectiveness of the different measures of the administration, but every candid citizen must admit the courage and energy of the Chief Executive.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Where is Mount Monadnock?

2—What is the meaning of the word *littérateur?*

3—Who was Ops?

4—Who were the Etruscans?

5—What is the meaning of the French phrase *à votre santé?*

6—Which side was the victor at the Battle of Bunker Hill?

7—What is the origin of the word Manitoba?

8—Who was James McGill?

9—When and where was the Y. M. C. A. first founded?

10—From what is *pâté de foie gras* made?

11—Who wrote the story of the Man with the Iron Mask?

12—What are tundras?

13—What is duralumin?

14—What domestic pet is mentioned in the first written history?

15—What is a secured creditor?

16—Who was the architect of the Washington Monument?

17—For whom was the province of Prince Edward Island named?

18—Who are the Kalmucks?

19—What was the Hohenstaufen Dynasty?

20—What is the largest city in Italy?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

Why should you visit your dentist regularly?
(See page 55 for the answer)

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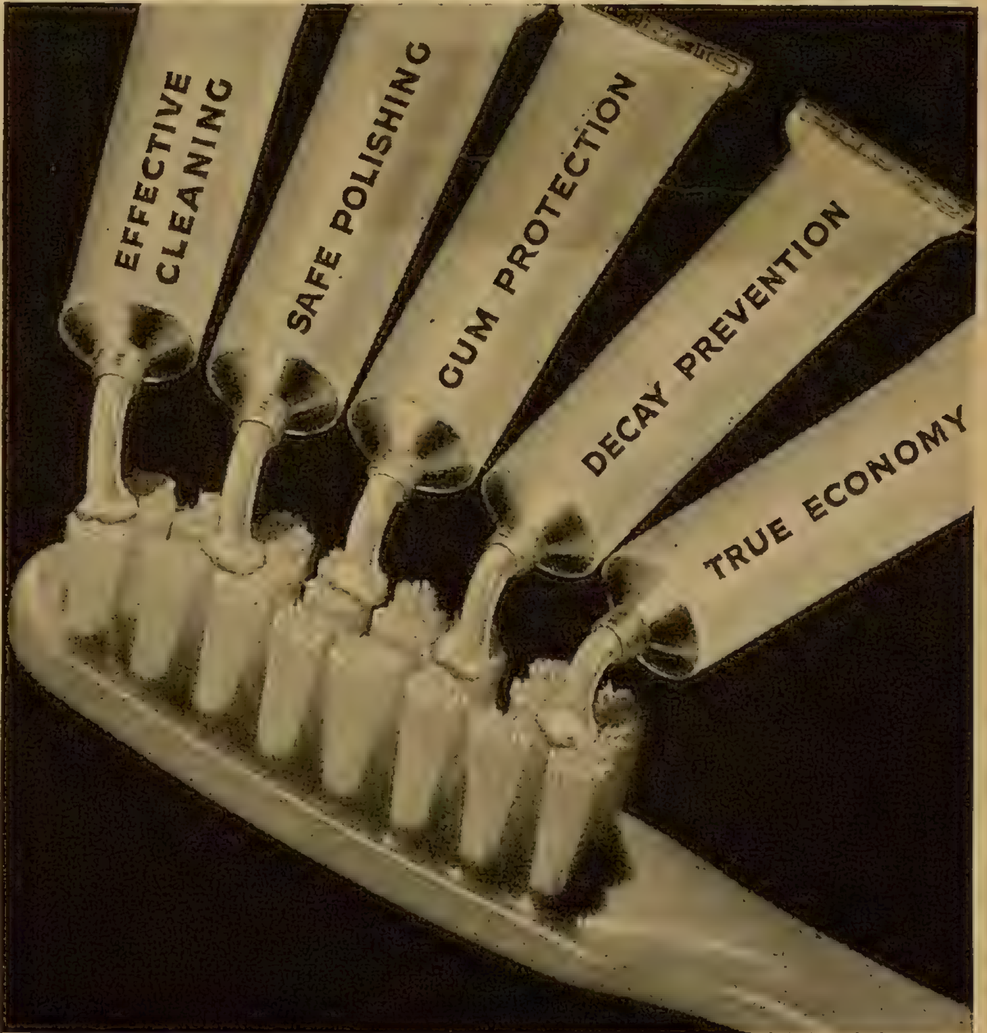
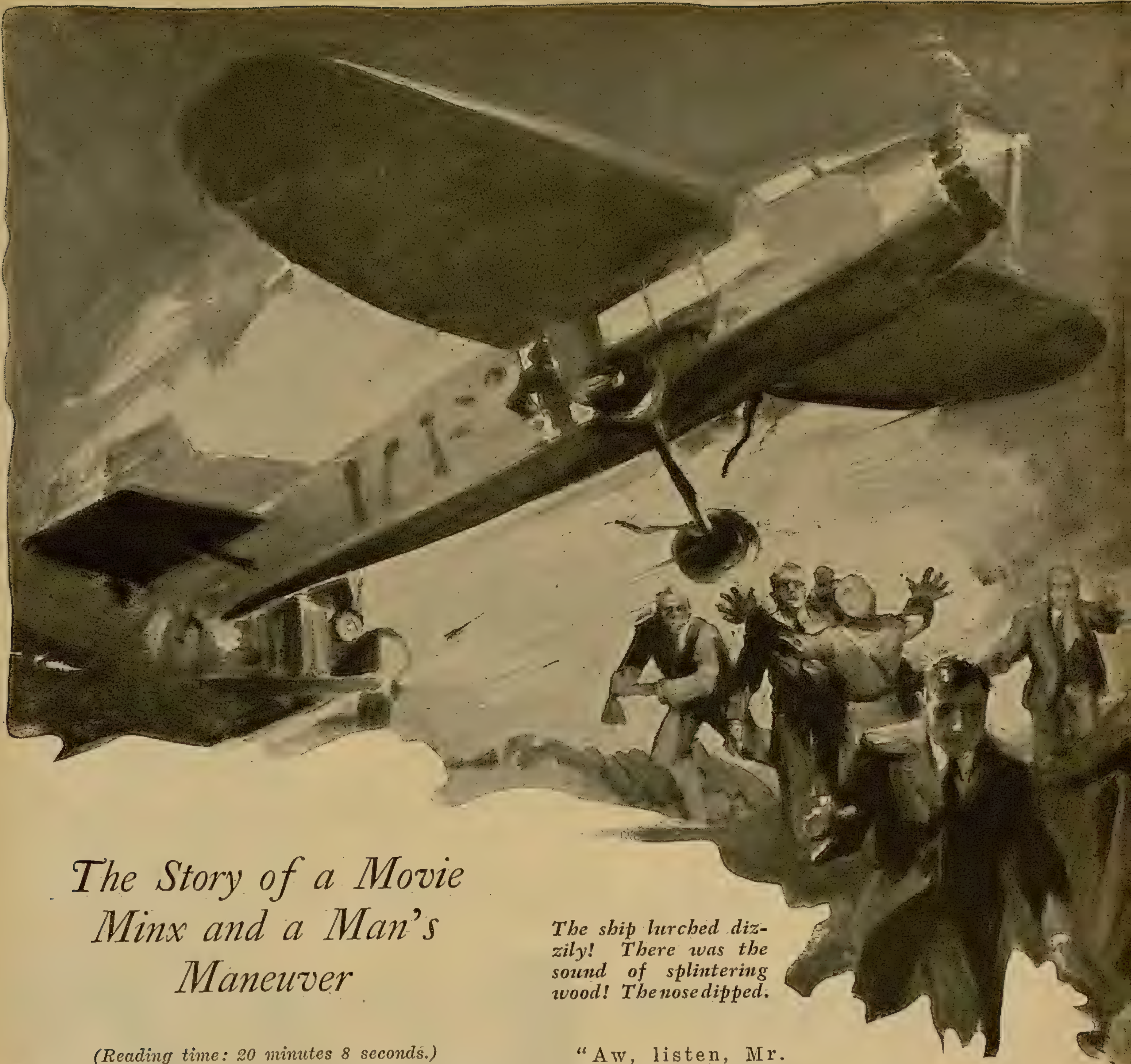
Squibb Dental Cream





The ship lurched dizzily! There was the sound of splintering wood! The nose dipped.

The Story of a Movie Minx and a Man's Maneuver

(Reading time: 20 minutes 8 seconds.)

IT was inevitable for two and a half good reasons that the newspapers were bound to get hold of it. In the first place, it was unquestionably a fine yarn. The second reason was the most obvious, because Rita Rayle and Pat Kane were considerably in the public eye. The half reason was Rita's professional desire for publicity, slightly neutralized by Pat's indifference to the same.

Not that Pat ever made an issue of it. He was accustomed to headlines, and was not in the least camera-shy. The reporters liked him.

Rita, being a film actress of some glitter, employed a publicity agent by the name of Poole, of whom Pat was not very fond. Pat, at any rate, blamed Poole for the leak of information, but, inasmuch as the secret was no longer a secret, Pat could think of nothing more feasible than to smack Poole upon the snoot, and Rita, he knew, would not approve of that.

And so it happened that Pat, for the first time in his life, was being ungracious to newspaper reporters, three of whom cluttered up his inadequate office.

"But it's none of your damn' business," he complained petulantly.

"You're both news," one reporter explained patiently. "And you got to admit that there's a lot of color to this thing."

"Yeah. Yellow journalism!"

"Aw, listen, Mr. Kane," reporter number two took up the argument. "That's not the way we're going to handle it. None of this love-tryst stuff. It's just a splendid gesture on your part, a—a splendid gesture. Don't you get the angle? A famous pilot with the grit and nerve of his convictions stubbornly refuses to admit defeat. He hops in his plane on the first of every month, despite fog, snow, or rain, and arrives on schedule to propose to the woman he loves."

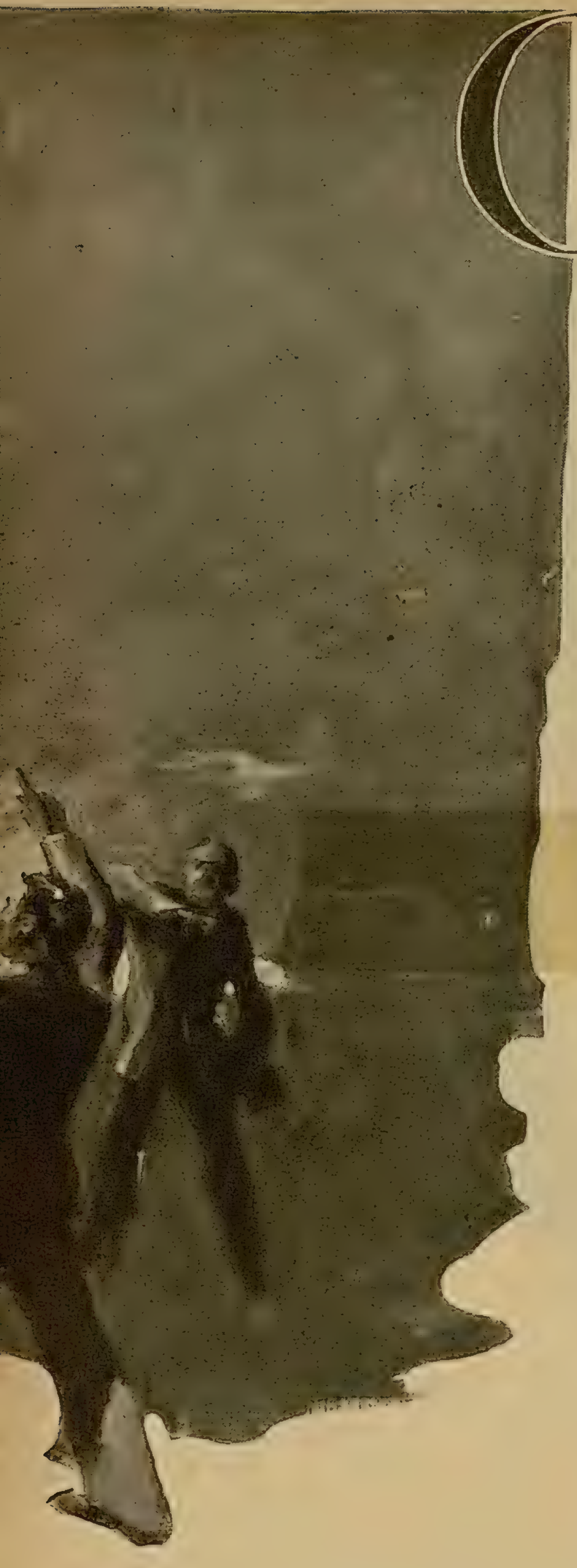
"Get out!" Pat's hands gripped the arms of his chair as though he were about to spring.

So the reporters retired with resigned gestures, which indicated that they had at least done their best.

Pat resumed his seat. He finally managed, after cooling down a bit, to regard the matter from the newspapers' viewpoint. This, however, did not in the least mitigate the feeling of nakedness occasioned by having his greatest and most devastating affair of the heart dished up for public amusement.

Rita had professed to share his passion, so Pat had asked her to marry him. But Rita had stalled him off with adorable shyness and a very nice kiss, which had shoved the main issue temporarily into the background but which did not subdue a certain stubbornness in Pat's make-up.

Illustrations by
Carl Pfeufer



On Schedule

By
JACKSON V. SCHOLZ

"I'll ask you again a month from today."

"Please do, darling. I must think."

The first proposal had taken place upon the first of the month. At the end of thirty days Rita was making a personal appearance in Cleveland, so Pat flew out, but found that she had not had time to think. The following month he bucked a nasty snowstorm over the Rockies and arrived on schedule in Los Angeles, to be met by delicious uncertainty and undying protestations of devotion. New York was an easy hop the next month from his airport near Philadelphia, and she almost gave in. Then Hollywood again; but the stress of a big production had left her a nervous wreck. That was how the score stood up to the present.

The papers, Pat reasoned a trifle desperately, would never dare to print such stuff without definite confirmation. But the following morning it was all in print, including pictures.

He considered the matter as he drove to the flying field, and by the time he arrived he had decided upon a letter of rebuke and protest to the newspapers. He jabbed the buzzer to call the stenographer whom he shared with his partner, Sam Wainright.

He assumed his dictating pose, with his elbows upon the arms of his chair and the tips of his fingers pressed tightly together. He was scowling now in a manner suited to his mood. He heard the door open behind him.

"Take a letter."

The stenographer seated herself at his elbow.

"'To the editor of the Morning Bulletin.'"

He glanced sideways to note the effect of this, then jerked slightly in his chair.

"Who—who are you?" he inquired somewhat blankly.

"I," said the girl, "am the new stenographer."

It was most annoying—that is, the new stenographer—at this particular time. He frankly needed some feminine advice which he had intended to solicit from the spinsterly Miss Delancy, who, obviously, was no longer with the Bee Line Aviation Company.

This girl was much too young, probably not much over twenty. What would she know about the seamy side of life?

"What is your name, please?"

"Helen Foster."

"Oh!" A chord of memory twanged within Pat's head. "You're Sam's sister-in-law."

"Yes."

PAT considered this sufficient excuse to study her more closely. Compared to Rita, Helen Foster was not so much, although, he was willing to admit, most men might consider her attractive if they preferred dark hair, dark eyes, and a healthy, natural color.

"Well," said Pat, "take a letter."

Miss Foster poised her pencil above the pad, and Pat had another thought.

"Say, listen," he said abruptly. "Did you see the article about me in this morning's paper?"

"Yes."

Pat scowled at his finger tips. "What did you think of it?"

Miss Foster gave the matter its due consideration. "I think," she said cautiously, "that any woman should be proud of that much devotion."

Pat squirmed in his chair and flushed. "I didn't mean that angle of it. I meant that it seems sort of libelous, and that I ought to write the papers a hot letter. What do you think?"

"Don't you believe that it would be more sensible to get in touch with Miss Rayle first?"

"Well," doubtfully, "maybe." Then, indignantly, "You don't mean to suggest that Miss Rayle actually admitted that to the papers?"

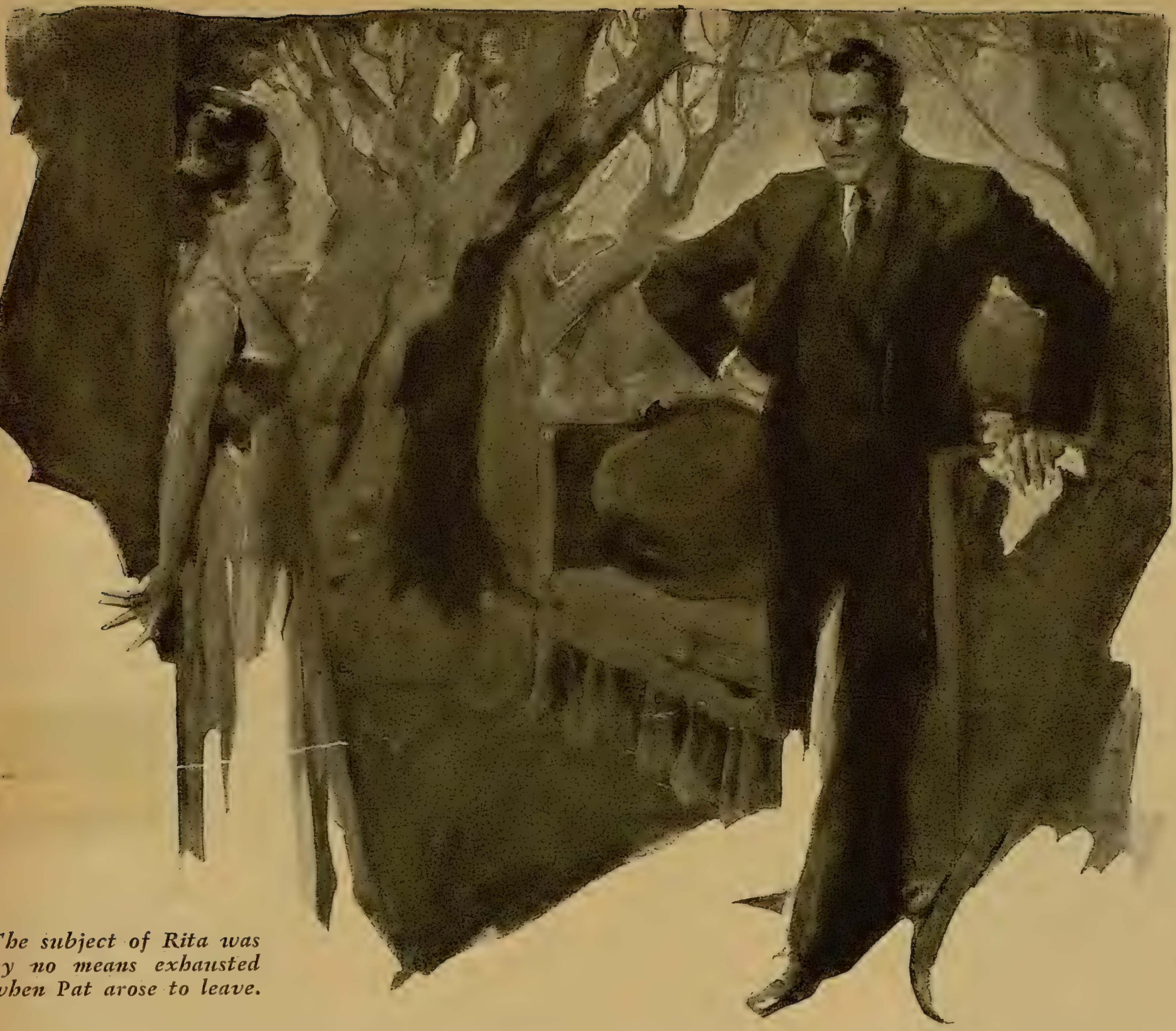
"No, of *course* not!" Pat regarded her suspiciously, but her eyes were candid. "I merely thought that if I were in her place I would much prefer to have you talk it over with me."

Pat was mollified. "I guess you're right," he admitted. "Never mind the letter."

Miss Foster retired, and Pat went into his partner's office.

"I see we have a new girl, Sam."

"Yeah. She's got twice as many brains as Miss De-



The subject of Rita was by no means exhausted when Pat arose to leave.

lancy. Sorry I had to let her go, but she couldn't handle the job. You'll like Helen."

Pat shrugged.

"She's living with us," Sam went on. "She's crazy about flying, but can't afford the lessons. I'm going to teach her, but she insists upon working for it. Took a business course in college. You'll like her."

Pat returned to his own office and put in a long-distance call to Rita.

Her "Hello" was petulant with sleep, but her "Darling!"—upon learning his identity—sent delightful shivers down his spine.

"Did you see the morning papers?" Pat demanded.

"No, dear. What—what is it?" Mild alarm.

"Read 'em. I'll fly right up to talk it over."

He was soon ringing the bell of Rita's apartment. Her maid admitted him to the living room, where he waited just long enough for her entrance to be impressive.

Her negligee was filmy, and Pat was stunned, as usual, by her blonde loveliness. He experienced his customary moment of dizzy blankness following the fragrant pressure of her kiss, but he recovered quickly.

Rita stepped back and stretched her blue eyes wide with dismay.

"Pat, dearest," she breathed. "Isn't it awful?"

They discussed the matter for the better part of an hour, at the end of which time Pat returned to his plane, wearing the vacuous expression of a tap dancer.

The source of the leak had been, of course, through the publicity agent Poole, although Rita was slightly vague as to how he had learned the secret. And Rita, when accosted point-blank by the reporters, could not tell a deliberate lie about it—no, of course not. She *had* asked them not to print it, but, with a charming shrug, "These reporters!"

"Discharge Poole? Oh, Pat *darling!*"

The man, after all, was merely doing his job. And it would all blow over. Couldn't Pat understand? If they raised a fuss about it now it would only make matters worse.

PAT was soaring high above New Jersey when the anæsthetic of Rita's loveliness began to wear off, and, being of normal shrewdness, he faced the fact that he had been rather cleverly handled. He resented it, of course—any man would—but the feeling was balanced in a certain possessive pride in the cleverness of the woman who would some day be his wife.

The following day he was lounging in the doorway of the flight office when Sam, with his usual long, conservative glide, landed a Cloudabout, and taxied up to the apron. He had been giving his sister-in-law an instruction hop.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and as they approached Pat noted that a lot of lively little devils were playing in her eyes. Her mouth was larger than he had suspected, and her lips curved delightfully over strong white teeth.

Pat caught himself with a guilty start and groped defensively for Rita's image. It came obediently, dazzling and reassuring. Gorgeous creature, he reflected humbly, and thus fortified he turned his attention again to Helen Foster.

Her nod, as she passed Pat in the doorway, was quite impersonal. Pat didn't know whether to be annoyed or not.

That was probably the reason he accepted Sam's invitation to dinner that evening.

And Helen—it was Sam's suggestion that Miss and Mister sounded a trifle stiff—turned out to be an extremely human person.

Pat's contract bridge was terrible, and Mabel, Sam's wife, pleaded a headache anyway. Sam was half through a detective story which he wished to finish, so Pat and Helen found themselves alone upon the porch.

"Tell me about Miss Rayle," the girl suggested, and Pat approved of her right from the start. Most girls would have wanted to talk about their own silly affairs—either that, or babble about flying.

The subject of Rita was by no means exhausted when Pat glanced at his watch and found it to be about an hour later than he had believed.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he said in amazement. "You're sure an easy person to talk to." He arose to leave, and was arrested by a thought. "I'll bet I've bored you, talking all about myself and—Rita."

"You know you haven't." There was a sincerity to the statement which was convincing, but Pat had, nevertheless, as he drove away, the sneaking hunch that he had made somewhat of an ass of himself.

HE made another trip to New York upon the first of the month, and read about it the next morning in the papers, which rightly assumed that he had been turned down again.

He took it just as hard as he always did, although his customary week or ten days of misery was reduced to only two by virtue of another dinner invitation from Sam. Pat and Helen were tactlessly isolated upon the porch once more, and Pat got the whole thing off his chest. He felt better almost immediately.

"Helen," he said impulsively, "you're a swell kid."

"Not really?"

"I mean it," Pat insisted. "You're so—so darn' understanding and tolerant of—of—well, there's no reason why I should bother you with all this sob stuff."

"Why not? I like it."

"Well, anyway, it does me good to talk to you."

"And it does me good to listen. So that's that."

Pat accepted this statement at its face value, and in the days that followed he did not hesitate to take advantage of it.

Then there was an evening when Pat bade Helen a proper good night but returned five minutes later for some papers he had forgotten. He found Helen having a good cry upon the porch swing, and he experienced the happy thought that here, at last, was his chance to repay some of her sympathy and understanding. But Helen was most ungracious and would have none of it. It puzzled Pat.

It worried him a little too, although his chief worry at the moment was the advent of a certain handsome scoundrel by the name of Regan Dover, who was being featured as Rita's new leading man. Rita assured Pat that her interest in Dover was purely for publicity and professional reasons, but Pat reserved a fiancé's privilege to be skeptical.

He was therefore assailed with a peculiar restlessness as the first of the month approached, although there were two things which he did not anticipate upon this date.

The first was that Rita should have an engagement upon that evening with another man. Dover, of course. And the second was Pat's own reaction to the same.

"But I thought," Pat protested over the phone, "that you were going to let me pick you up in New York and fly you up to that shindig in Boston."

"Pat dearest, I *was*, but Blitz, the owner of the company, you know, practically insisted that Regan and I go up with him in his private car. I couldn't refuse. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure."

"And you *will* be up?"

It was at this point that Pat sustained his first rebellious thought concerning Rita.

"Maybe."

"Pat!" in genuine alarm.

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"I said maybe!" he snapped, and hung up the receiver.

He sat for several moments, aghast at the thing he had done. Then slowly he experienced the grim pleasure of a man who has begun to master the rudiments of woman-handling. He squared his shoulders as Helen entered with a letter for him to sign.

"How about a movie tonight?" he demanded.

She regarded him in astonishment. "Do you know what day it is?"

"I do," defiantly.

Her expression became stern. "Then you should be ashamed of yourself. What's wrong?"

Briefly he told her.

"Don't be a child," she said. "You must go, of course."

"Huh," said Pat. He didn't wish to relinquish his stand too willingly. "I'm not so sure. She had no right to make a date on the first of the month. If she can make one, I can."

A swift shadow darkened Helen's eyes, but Pat was too intent upon his own wrongs to notice. An idea was being born.

"Say, listen," he said at last. "Why don't you come up with me?"

"Oh, Pat—no!"

"You're not worried about my flying?"

"Certainly not! But—" She caught her lower lip between her teeth and stood wrapped in thought. "I'll go," she decided suddenly, but there was a grimness to the decision which slightly bewildered Pat. He was equally bewildered by the swift surge of pleasure which he experienced.

"Swell!" he said. "We'll start at six. I can make it in three hours."

HE called at Sam's house shortly before six o'clock.

He caught his breath sharply as Helen entered the living room, for Pat had never seen her in an evening dress before. Consequently he had never dreamed that a clinging garment of red, the judicious use of rouge and other tints, the subtle arrangement of dark hair plus a couple of ear pendants, could transform a nice sensible girl into an exciting creature of this sort. He exhaled audibly and swallowed with some difficulty.

"Well—" he said. "Let's go."

They reached the airport and found the Cloudabout warming against the chocks. The surroundings helped somewhat to restore Pat to a normal frame of mind, and once in the tiny cabin the familiar fumes of gasoline and oil cleared his befuddled mind like a whiff of smelling salts. He was grinning when he opened the throttle, took a short run, and lifted the Cloudabout from the ground.

"What's funny?" inquired Helen, raising her voice above the noise of the motor.

"Rita's face," said Pat, "when she sees you."

"Oh."

And the more Pat pondered this the more amusing it became, until suddenly it occurred to him that he had no business at all feeling that way. He tried dutifully to adjust his thoughts, but there seemed to be a mutiny of some sort going on. The presence of the girl at his side aroused in him an unaccountable tingling sensation which was extremely pleasing.

He studied her closely, as though seeing her for the first time; but when Helen turned to meet his gaze he averted his own eyes guiltily.

"Lovely, isn't it?" She was referring to the city of Philadelphia.

"Lovely," admitted Pat, but he was obviously referring to something else.

Helen flushed, and the thought occupied them both as far as New York.

"How are you going to land?" Helen asked. "With flares?"

Pat shook his head. "I telephoned up, and they're going to pick out a smooth place on the golf course and light it with automobile headlights."

"Oh."

ONCE more Pat settled down to automatic flying while he wrestled with the strange problem which had arisen to complicate an existence which he had already deemed complicated. Dusk was creeping over the earth below. The twinkling lights of Providence slipped beneath them.

Boston in the distance.

Pat cut his gun and glided slowly down into the darkness.

He circled lazily at a thousand feet until he spotted the improvised landing field upon the golf course, illuminated by the headlights of many automobiles.

"There she is," he said. "Is your belt fastened?"

Helen nodded, and Pat nosed the Cloudabout into a shallow dive. He had no intention of making an immediate attempt to land. He would fly across the spot several times if necessary, to study the contour of the ground.

With motor throttled he finally came in just above the tree tops, raking the ground intently with his eyes. He was not prepared for the swift impact that almost jerked the stick from his fingers. The ship lurched dizzily! There was the sound of splintering wood!

Pat's hand flashed forward to slap the throttle wide!

There was a ghastly moment of uncertainty while the motor pounded gamely and the plane hung wavering in the air. The nose dipped, but Pat's hand was gentle upon the controls. The wings gripped finally, and he nursed the Cloudabout back into the air.

He climbed to a safe altitude before glancing at Helen. She had not made a sound, but her face was strained and white.

"Flagpole," he guessed. "The idiots forgot to tell me. Can you fly this thing for a moment? I've got to look at the undercarriage."

"Yes, of course."

Pat shot her a grateful look. No

hysteria there. Thank God it wasn't Rita.

He waited until she had placed her feet upon the rudder pedals and had gotten the feel of the stick. He then wormed his way to the floor of the cabin, forced open the door, and peered beneath the fuselage. He was back in a matter of seconds.

"Smashed to hell!" he said grimly. "But I've got to land."

"We'll crash?"

"Not badly. Scared?"

"Yes," simply. He saw her reach for her compact, and stared unbelievingly as she powdered her nose. "Can't be picked up with a shiny nose," she said. "Come, let's get it over with."

At this point something serious and permanent happened to Pat Kane. He reached for Helen's hand. It was cold and slightly trembling. He pressed it to his lips and held it there.

And then he landed.

They struck, of course, struck hard, but the low landing speed of the Cloudabout, the final stall, delicately timed, and the soft turf of the golf course were all in their favor.

What was left of the landing gear sheared off with an alarming sound, and the plane, with maddening deliberation, tilted slowly upon its nose. But it came to rest at a steep angle, and the crowd of hysterical women and anxious men came rushing to their aid.

"Helen! Are you all right?" Pat's voice was harsh with worry.

"Breath's gone," she gasped.

Helen was immediately taken in charge by the women, and Pat refused the use of a half dozen flasks which appeared like rabbits from a hat. There was a commotion upon the outskirts of the group, and a fluffy, fragrant figure hurled itself into Pat's arms.

"Pat *darling!* I fainted dead away!"

Pat held her gingerly and was guilty of the traitorous thought that Rita *would* faint at a time like this. She led him possessively away, and was quick to sense that something was in the air.

"Pat dear. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Haven't you something to—to ask me?" Rita thought it wise to push things a bit, but Pat was unconvincingly stupid.

"Wha—what do you mean?"

"You *know* what I mean!" sharply.

"Well—I—I'm afraid I haven't."

"Pat!"

But Pat had caught a glimpse of Helen, composed and powdered once again, and thoroughly lovely. "Excuse me."

He departed unceremoniously, followed by Rita's furious gaze. He was finally able to lead Helen away from the crowd. They found a vacant bench upon the tenth tee. There was a long silence.

"Well," said Helen finally, "you arrived on schedule."

Pat winced. "Yes," gloomily.

"Hadn't you better find her now and—and ask her?" Helen's voice was small and strained.

"No!" harshly.

Another silence. "I—I've been an idiot!" Pat blurted.

"Have you?"

"You know I have. I thought I loved her."

No reply. Pat squirmed miserably. "I mean, I thought that—Well, tonight in the air, I found out that—that—" His voice trailed off.

"Pat, you're being vague."

"Well, dammit! What I mean is—is there any chance that you could ever learn to—to like a dizzy pilot like me?"

Pat waited. When she spoke her voice was scarcely above a whisper.

"There's a big chance."

An hour later they sauntered innocently in. A reporter, covering the affair, gave them one searching look, then rushed madly for a telephone.

THE END

YARDLEYGRAM

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By Herbert O. Yardley

There is a complete message hidden in the square at the left. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once. The hidden message concerns the famous spy, Pablo Waberski.

Start at the ●
Finish at the ★
The solution will appear next week.

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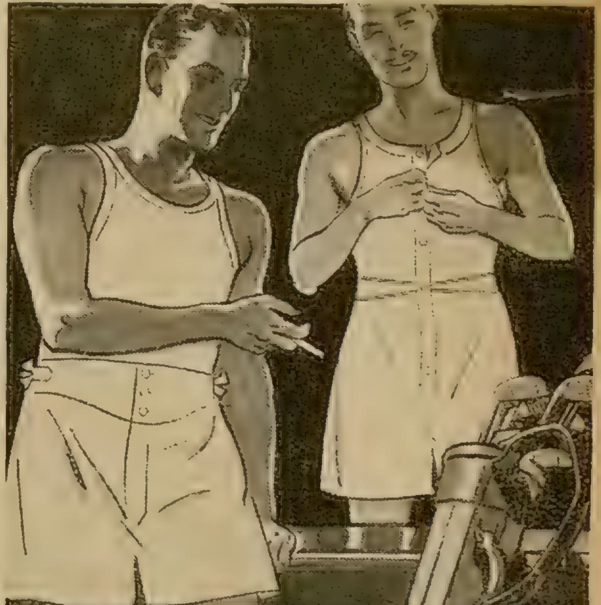

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
the new "COMBONAIR" SHIRT

The Outline

A Scientific Treatise from Which You Will Derive No Benefit Whatever

(Reading time: 8 minutes 20 seconds.)

In opening this discussion in last week's Liberty Mr. Marx started, strangely enough, at the beginning of Love—when men were called Amœba, giving rise to that famous old song Amœba Wrong, But I Think You're Wonderful. Thence by leaps and bounds he pursued his subject through the Stone Age and the Oyster too; traced the cave man's discovery of woman, their mutual—er—discovery of Love, and finally entered the Glacial Age. Having, so to speak, broken the ice of the glacial period, he now proceeds to Part Two and

THE AUTHOR'S GUARANTY

MANY people write about Love without ever having come in contact with it. But until you have brushed a woman's cheek with your trembling lips, and brushed your shoes with your wife's new guest towel, you know nothing about Love, or your wife.

Love is not something you can learn from books. *For Love is an elusive sprite that leaps from nook and cranny and taps you with its magic wand, then flits away like the first Hounds of Spring. . . .*

It's not such a bad piece of writing, that last sentence. I've seen worse in books that sell for three dollars. In fact, that's where I saw this.

But getting back to Love *(cardiac hortatorium, or Joe)*, I want to assure my readers that this *Outline* is the real McCoy; fearless, straight-from-the-shoulder, blown-in-the-bottle, A-1 history, and no questions asked. As I wrote to Professor H. M. Thorndyke of the Boston Anthropological and Wet Wash Society (who, now that I think of it, has been too busy to answer), I am willing to guarantee the truth of every word in this book.

If anyone can prove there is a single inaccuracy on one of these pages, I will gladly donate five thousand dollars ($5,000) to the Mrs. Groucho Marx Care and Betterment Fund for the Care and Betterment of Mr. Groucho Marx and, as second prize, fifty cents (50¢) to each of the kids.

Be sure to write legibly, on only one side of the paper, even if it's no more than a postal card saying it's been raining every day and that Aunt Molly had another baby.

LOVE IN THE DARK AGES

I'M not going to tell you much about the Dark Ages, because we historians know very little about that period. Frankly, it was so dark that no one could see what was going on; and those who *did* see were too polite, or embarrassed, to tell.

At any rate, we know that plenty *did* go on in the Dark Ages. I know, for example, what used to happen in our house when the parlor was dark. My brother Harpo, in looking for the piano, often would play the maid by mistake. And Chico, looking for the maid, had to content himself with the piano.

It wasn't long before the neighbors complained. And the maid, too. For she, in her sweet childlike way, happened to be in love with my father. It was a gentle, unspoiled, girlish devotion, except that she wanted him to sell the children and run away with her to New Jersey, where her brother had a farm on which he raised little farmers and big welts* on his wife's back. (This was before the agricultural schools had introduced scientific irritation as a substitute for rain.)

To my father's everlasting credit it must be said that he never for a moment thought seriously of selling the children and running away.

"What would anyone give me for five used boys?" his voice boomed throughout the old red mansion. "I think I'll stay right here."

That's the way Ole Marse Marx always was on the plantation. And that, no doubt, is why the slaves loved him for his kindness, his understanding, and the fact that he was the only landowner in the county who had never owned a whip. (To show their gratitude, the slaves took up a collection and bought my father a whip, which he laughingly used to flog the living daylights out of them.)

In looking back in the direction of the Dark Ages, I like to remember the charming tribute that was paid to my father by Sheriff Montgomery Britt of Hominy Bay County. He said: "I hain't never seen Ole Marse Marx cheatin' at cards. I'm keepin' my eyes peeled."

BEDLAM*

AS I have tried to indicate, life in the Dark Ages was a constant state of confusion. History tells us of a hungry Neanderthal man who, unable to see where he was, began eating the edge of his cave. He supposed it was spinach, with perhaps a little more than the usual amount of sand.

Whereupon his wife said, or *tried* to say (because language was not yet understandable):

"You can't have your cave and eat it too."

But the poor Neanderthal man, not knowing what she was talking about, continued eating until he had consumed the entire cave. He still thought it was spinach.

POLYANDRY

POLYANDRY (or, as it is now known, *Polly Moran)* is the marriage of one woman to a group of men.

Unheard of in the Stone Age and Iron Age, and only rumored about in the Dark Age, Polyandry made its first definite appearance in the Baggage—those dismal years when a man couldn't take a woman to a hotel unless he had a suitcase or a woman. Anyway, there were no hotels at the time, thus making it possible for a traveling man to stop at farmhouses,

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* See H. G. Welt's *Outline of History.*

* This should be a footnote, but my feet hurt.

# of Love

By

GROUCHO MARX

Caricatures by PADEREWSKI

where there was only one bed and many mighty fine jokes, which I won't bother to clean up here.

All this, as I say, happened in the Baggage. Which reminds me that among the Romans women were called "baggage," a word derived from the Latin *impedimenta,* or The Winning of the West. Since then a girl has often been called "a pretty baggage," or "bag." And Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the great English statesman, was known as the first Gladstone bag.

Perhaps I am getting ahead of my story. But what about you? By this time you've probably gotten to page 68, taken a cold bath, and slipped into bed on a hot-water bag. Do you think I can deliver my lecture if you don't pay a little attention? You can pay a little now, but we'll have to have the balance when the lecture is delivered at your back door, with a fine baseball bat and a shining new air rifle which is just the thing for shooting away the landlord.

What I'm trying to say is that Polyandry splits up the alimony payments instead of placing the entire burden on one man. But the hell with it—money isn't everything!

THEN CAME THE TALKIES

LOVE was none too easy for the prehistoric man. Having no language, he could talk only with his hands. When he wanted to tell his mate he loved her, he socked her on the chin. When he wanted to say, "I'm hungry," he socked her on the chin.

Sometimes he socked her on the chin merely to see if she could Take It, and all this was very confusing to the silent Little Woman.

For she seldom talked back. When she did, her husband would sock her on the chin again, and this sort of conversation was known as chinning.

PADEREWSKI

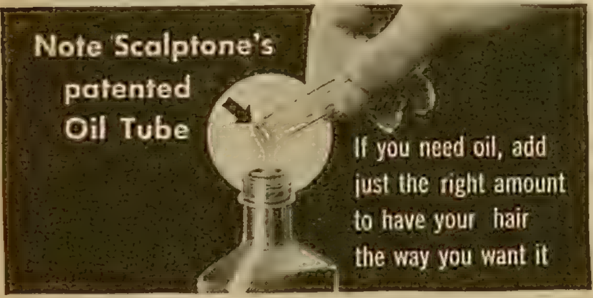
This one two treatment
STOPS DANDRUFF

STEP 1
a few minutes each week with
PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich piney lather. Packer's Tar Soap contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP 2
one minute each day with
PACKER'S SCALPTONE

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub it in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up the scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy and happy, too!


Note Scalptone's patented Oil Tube
If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It is the only tonic that is *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there is a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you aren't satisfied—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

PACKER'S
Dandruff Treatment
1 PACKER'S TAR SOAP
2 PACKER'S SCALPTONE

True, the Little Woman could say a few simple things in pantomime, but they were pretty dull, as they are to this day. For example, when she went down for the count of ten, that meant, "You sure said a fistful, honey." And when she stayed down longer than the count of ten, that meant she probably was faking, just to make the thing look good, so they could fight again next week.

It was obvious that the world needed a language. And, as history has shown us, necessity is the mother of invention, just as the last one over the fence is a nanny goat. So in a short time (a mere thousand years as the crow flies—or five hundred years if it's an eagle) the first crude language was being heard.

The words were few, but they were all those primitive people really needed. Study them carefully:

MAN'S FIRST VOCABULARY

Unga junga	Ash ash.
Glub Glub	Throw me those water wings.
Ooscray Icquay	If I catch you fooling around with my wife again I'll cut your heart out.
Deportment	A
ZUM Zum Zum	Dearie, your underskirt shows.
Ug	How's your wife?
Nug	How do you suppose?
Mug	I was just being polite.
Lug	Mind your own business.
Rug	Royal Wilton, 20 x 14, $42.50.
Bing	Crosby.
John Cromwell	A friend of the family who has just returned from India.

NOTE: The curtain will be lowered for eight months to denote the passing of thirty seconds.

(The entire production is under the personal supervision of Mr. Jake Shubert. Shoes by I. Miller.)

THE FAMILY

ONE of the earliest by-products of man's Love was henna dye, bicarbonate of soda, and the family. The family, as you probably know, is a social unit based on the instinctive groupings of all animals—such as your wife's father, your wife's two sisters (who probably never *will* get a man), and your wife's brother, who hasn't worked in eight years.

You will notice that the group contains none of *your* family; only hers. It was that way in the Dark Ages; it's that way now.

If *you* want to send ten dollars to your father, you have to keep quiet about it, or your wife will say you didn't marry your father—which is perfectly silly, because your father already *is* married, and happy too—providing you send him the ten dollars; which you probably won't—times being what they are and your father being what he is.

I guess that takes care of the family. I only wish it took care of mine.

LOVE AND PLAY

THE early brute man now had a language, which did much to make those long winter evenings bearable. Remember, he couldn't take his woman to a theater or a club; the best he could do was to take a club to his woman, but that wasn't something that both of them could enjoy. So they stayed at home and jabbered.

The man could tell his mate how he slew a tiger with his bare hands and how the boss had said, "J. B., that was as fine a little job of tiger-slaying with bare hands as I've seen in months." And the Little Woman (there were times when her man wished she *hadn't* learned to talk) would say, "Well, why doesn't he pay you more? Joe Grant hasn't killed a tiger all season and he gets twice as much as you do."

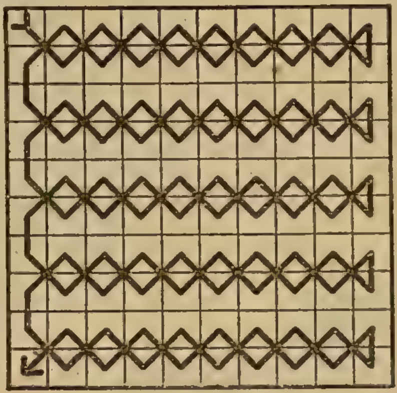
"Zum zum zum," the man would purr as his warm lips smacked hers. Or maybe it was his fist. At any rate, winter soon passed and spring came. And, oh, how good it was to be alive and young! The lovers could now play their games outdoors, and the games were many. But most of all they liked to play duck on the rock—when they could find a duck. The rocks, of course, were plentiful.

In fact, rocks were an essential article in every home with children. Usually it was a well aimed rock that put the infant to sleep, and the mother crooned "Rock-a-bye, Baby" as the brat passed out cold.

Thus the Neorockolithic Age came to an end and a new world was born.

SUMMARY

IN the preceding chapters I have shown you how the growth of Love from its primitive state (Tennessee) developed into something big and fine and strong (Kate Smith). In the next installment I will show you the birthmark that I got on my tenth birthday.



YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at the left will give you this message:

Entente spies carried their invisible inks impregnated in garments, such as ties, scarfs, handkerchiefs, and the like.

There is a MADMAN Proposing to Light the Streets of London . . . . . *with* SMOKE

THE "madman" was a Britisher named William Murdoch. He had learned the obscure process of making gas from coal. He proposed using gas to light the streets of London.

The "madman" scoff was written by the same hand that gave us Quentin Durward, Rob Roy and the Black Dwarf . . . Sir Walter Scott . . . But by an older Scott, flushed with worldly success, intolerant of any order post-dating that success.

Napoleon, too, laughed at Murdoch's "crazy notion." But it was the Napoleon of Moscow, not the young artillery officer of Toulon or Lodi.

The German press condemned street lighting on six points:

[1] THEOLOGICAL—As blasphemous, since God divided the light from the darkness.

[2] JUDICIAL—People should not be compelled to pay for gas they do not want.

[3] MEDICAL—The emanations of the night were injurious to health and people would stay out late and catch cold.

[4] MORAL—The fear of darkness would vanish and crime would increase.

[5] POLICE—The street lights would frighten horses and embolden thieves.

[6] ECONOMICAL—Great sums would have to be sent to foreign countries for coal.

Every progressive step in the history of Civilization has been opposed by the older minds—matured in an earlier era.

And supported by the younger minds—their viewpoint of current needs unhindered by tradition.

Every period has seen the struggle between these old conservatives and young liberals.

The greatest assurance that a troubled world can feel today is that, sooner or later, in spite of Scotts or Bonapartes or German press, the liberal wins his victory.

As the broadest-dimensioned voice of this young, liberal viewpoint in America, Liberty magazine is conscious of a definite responsibility in the shaping of American thought, feelings and daily activity.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY, PH.D.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Professor of Philosophy, Vassar College

PROFESSOR RILEY WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "A LIBERAL periodical with a forward looking program is much needed in the country."

BOLTON HALL, LL.B.
NEW YORK CITY
Treasurer and Founder American Longshoremen's Union, also New York Tax Reform Association. Author: Money-Making in Free America; Three Acres and Liberty; A Little Land and a Living; The Garden Yard; What Tolstoy Taught; The New Thrift.

MR. HALL WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "A LIBERAL journal is now more than ever needed and I think that yours is well fitted both by prestige, facilities and high moral intent to fill the want."

HON. M. M. LOGAN
U. S. SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY
Chairman
Committee on Mines and Mining

SENATOR LOGAN WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "I READ Liberty quite frequently, purely as a disinterested observer. The articles which have appeared from time to time since you took over this magazine have been thought inspiring and conducive to progressive thinking. You are the leader in liberal thought in America at this time. Undoubtedly there is a place today for such a magazine as Liberty. An aroused liberal thinking element in the Nation will change the current of governmental affairs and lead to great improvement in governmental matters. I think that you are doing a great work."

Dons, Docks, and Damages

A Mexican Epic; A Sea-and-Smuggler Drama; Lee Tracy as an Ambulance Chaser; and a Childhood Story in the Week's New Films

By ROB WAGNER

One of the startlingly vivid scenes from Thunder Over Mexico, which is acted entirely by natives.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ THUNDER OVER MEXICO

Directed by Sergei M. Eisenstein.

THIS is, in my opinion, the greatest silent picture since City Lights. Silent, however, only in the absence of dialogue; with the masterful direction of Sergei Eisenstein, the creator of Potemkin and Ten Days that Shook the World, and the wonderful musical score of Hugo Riesenfeld, the picture becomes a living thing.

Eisenstein shows the Aztec origin of the Mexican in magnificent pictorial opening shots by playing the peon against the graven images of his ancient temples.

This established, the story begins. Mexico under Diaz. A great hacienda—the overlords Spanish, the peons Indian (Aztec). A peon and his betrothed go to the great don to get his consent and blessing for their marriage. While the boy is having his interview a drunken officer drags the frightened girl into a room guarded by a grinning soldier. When the bridegroom learns of it and demands his bride, he is punished. But, with three other peon lads, he steals guns and ammunition and escapes from the hacienda for the purpose of starting a revolt.

A man hunt and a battle between the pursued boys and their Spanish overlords, during which the don's daughter is killed. The bridegroom and two of the boys are roped and captured. Graves are dug; the boys are buried up to their shoulders and then trampled to death by horsemen. The fourth, cruelly wounded, escapes and gives the alarm.

That's the thunder. The storm—the Peons' Revolt—is merely suggested by the burning of the hacienda. We see only the result of that historic revolution—modern Mexico with its bands, Olympic champions, and the same Aztec youths now guiding great industrial machines.

Terrific drama ending in thrilling triumph, enacted entirely by natives, and so authentic that one is never conscious of cameras. A great artist permits you to see into the very heart of Mexico.

★★★ I COVER THE WATERFRONT

CAST: Julie Kirk, Claudette Colbert; H. Joseph Miller, Ben Lyon; Eli Kirk, Ernest Torrence; McCoy, Hobart Cavanaugh; Ortegus, Maurice Black; Old Chris, Harry Beresford; John Phelps, Purnell Pratt; Mother Morgan, Claudia Coleman; Randall, Wilfred Lucas. Directed by James Cruze.

This is from Max Miller's book of the same name.

Ben Lyon, a waterfront reporter at San Diego, learns that Claudette Colbert is nude-bathing in the harbor. Maybe a story. He meets her head and shoulders over a

Ernest Torrence, Claudette Colbert, and Ben Lyon in the smuggling drama, I Cover the Waterfront.

rock. Learns she is the daughter of Ernest Torrence, a fisherman suspected of smuggling Chinamen in from Mexico. Ben decides to get evidence through the daughter by making love to her. Claudette visits Ben's waterfront shack and immediately wants to wash the windows and put it in shape. Torrence passes up a great run of tuna and goes shark-fishing off the coast of Mexico, landing his catch at the Chinese settlement in San Diego. Suspicious. Ben notifies coast guard. Fruitless search. But Ben daringly rips open a huge shark about to be hoisted ashore—and out rolls a Chink!

Fight! Torrence is wounded but escapes. Ben finds hiding place and Torrence shoots him. Claudette is confronted with the problem of saving her father from prison or Ben from death. Her father solves the problem by dying. In the end Ben gets his windows washed.

A colorful peek-in on a little-known corner of life. Colbert, usually glamorous, plays the rough girl of the docks convincingly. Ben Lyon has never been better, and Torrence gave a magnificent performance. Hobart Cavanaugh, as a half-tight side kick of Ben's, does one of the gentlest and most amusing comedy bits of the year.

Never Give a Sucker a Break gives us Lee Tracy as a shyster. Madge Evans is the heart interest.

★★★ NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK

CAST: Joe Stevens, Lee Tracy; Dorothy, Madge Evans; Dr. Prescott, Frank Morgan; Floppy, Charles Butterworth; Calhoun, John Miljan; Miss Rutherford, Virginia Cherrill; Kelley, David Landau; Mrs. Mannheimer, Greta Meyer; Willy, Herman Bing; Beaumont, Samuel Hinds; Fred, Syd Saylor. Directed by Jack Conway.

Lee Tracy is an ambulance-chasing shyster lawyer who has a private wire from police headquarters notifying him of all accidents. The moment a call comes in he jumps in his car, accompanied by a staff of "eye-witnesses," and beats it to the scene of the crash. Injured or not, he rushes the victim to his office, where Frank Morgan, his staff doctor, fakes X-rays of the fellow's injuries. When everything is set, he sues for huge sums.

The street-railway company, soaked half a million dollars a year with such lawsuits, decides to "get" Lee and employs Madge Evans as its stool pigeon. But unfortunately for the company Madge falls in love with Lee. When Lee learns of her duplicity, does he ditch her? No; he marries her, so that she cannot be compelled to testify against him.

It's one of the best and most amusing pictures Lee Tracy has made, his personal charm disarming the delightful immorality of his rôle. Madge Evans is an enchanting double-crosser, and Frank Morgan as the drunken physician does a notable job. Charles Butterworth, as a professional victim, is exceptionally droll.

★★ BLACK BEAUTY (For the kids)

CAST: Leila, Esther Ralston; Cameron, Alexander Kirkland; Blodsoe, Hale Hamilton; Jordan, Gavin Gordon; Renaldo, Don Alvarado; Junk Man, George Walsh; Veterinary, Theodore Lorch; Cab Driver, Al Bridge; Doctor, Bruce Covington; Eph, John Larkin. Directed by Phil Rosen.

Except for the usual Hollywood liberties, this is the old, old story that has made three generations of kids cry and grown-ups sniff at its sentimentality.

Hale Hamilton, Alexander Kirkland, and Esther Ralston in that old favorite, Black Beauty.

Alexander Kirkland owns Black Beauty, a thoroughbred, and he's in love with Blonde Beauty (Esther Ralston). Gavin Gordon, rich neighbor, lacking only the mustache, is our old East Lynne heavy. Craving both beauties, he's so darned mean that he ruins Alex, buys Black Beauty at auction, and is poetically killed by him. (Cheers!)

Then down, down, down for both Black Beauty and Alex, the latter becoming a bum, the pretty horsie pulling cabs and junk wagons. But Esther finds Alex, and together they rescue Black Beauty just as he is being shipped to Spain for the bull ring. Esther has bought back Alex's old plantation, and thither the three of them go, there to kiss humanly and horsily among the apple blossoms.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood.

★★★—The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara.

OFF THE SCREEN—

By HARRIET PARSONS

WELL, the annual Dietrich–von Sternberg–Paramount rumpus has been settled without bloodshed but with plenty of sound and fury. And here's the hitherto unpublished low-down on the blonde Teuton's reasons for deciding to stay with Paramount when she returns from Germany. Seems that rival companies, far from scrambling to outbid one another for Marlene's services, maintained an almost uncanny silence on the subject. Not that they didn't consider ex-Legs Dietrich a box-office asset. Quite the contrary. Paramount's financial difficulties are so serious that the other studios felt it wouldn't be sporting to walk off with one of the biggest money-makers on the already crippled lot. Proving that there's honor even among producers. Theme song: Hearts and Flowers.

And here's one that'll give the Chamber of Commerce food for thought: Marlene may not bring daughter Maria back from Germany—thinks the California sun is making her grow too much and is afraid she'll turn into an amazon.

By HELEN HULL JACOBS

INSIDE TIPS on

Would You Like a Lesson from the New Woman Champion? You'll Find It in These Pages

(Reading time: 12 minutes 5 seconds.)

JEAN had been beaten once too often by her friends. She had no mistaken ideas of her ability, but she felt certain that if she were able to learn a few tricks of the game that she felt must be lacking in her tennis, she would be able to hold her own.

After the last and most disastrous defeat, she spoke to me in the locker room. "I know I'm not going to be a champion," she said. "I haven't enough time to give to tennis, and anyhow I enjoy just playing around here and in the local tournaments, but I am sure I practice enough to be better than I am. What on earth is the matter?"

I didn't know, because I hadn't watched her play, but I suggested that we go out and rally a while, and then perhaps I would be able to see some of the things in her game that I had learned to alter in my own.

The author, national woman champion, starts a backhand drive. The play is fast, and yet her eye is right on the whizzing ball.

"The most important thing," I told her, "if you feel that you know of any definite weakness in your game, is to acknowledge it." So many players are unwilling to expose the flaws in their games. They seem to prefer to cover them up.

"Well, one thing I do know," she admitted. "Whenever I have to run for my shots I feel awkward, and I don't seem to be able to get any power into my drives."

That, I could see, was a matter of footwork and balance. I remembered when I had had the same thing drilled into me. I explained to her that in the majority of average games rhythm is lacking, and the reason for this is usually that the player is afraid of the tennis ball. When he sees it coming toward him, instead of stepping up to it he backs away, or else lets it come to him. He never has the urge to control the ball; the ball controls him.

"Have you ever watched Ellsworth Vines play?" I asked her.

She had.

"Have you noticed his smooth, easy movements on the court? You can do the same thing. He keeps his eye constantly on the ball, and always plans his steps so that the ball is in front of him when he hits it, and not out at his side or out of his reach."

"I *do* watch the ball," Jean told me.

"How long do you watch it? Right on to the racket strings?"

"You can't watch it that long, can you?"

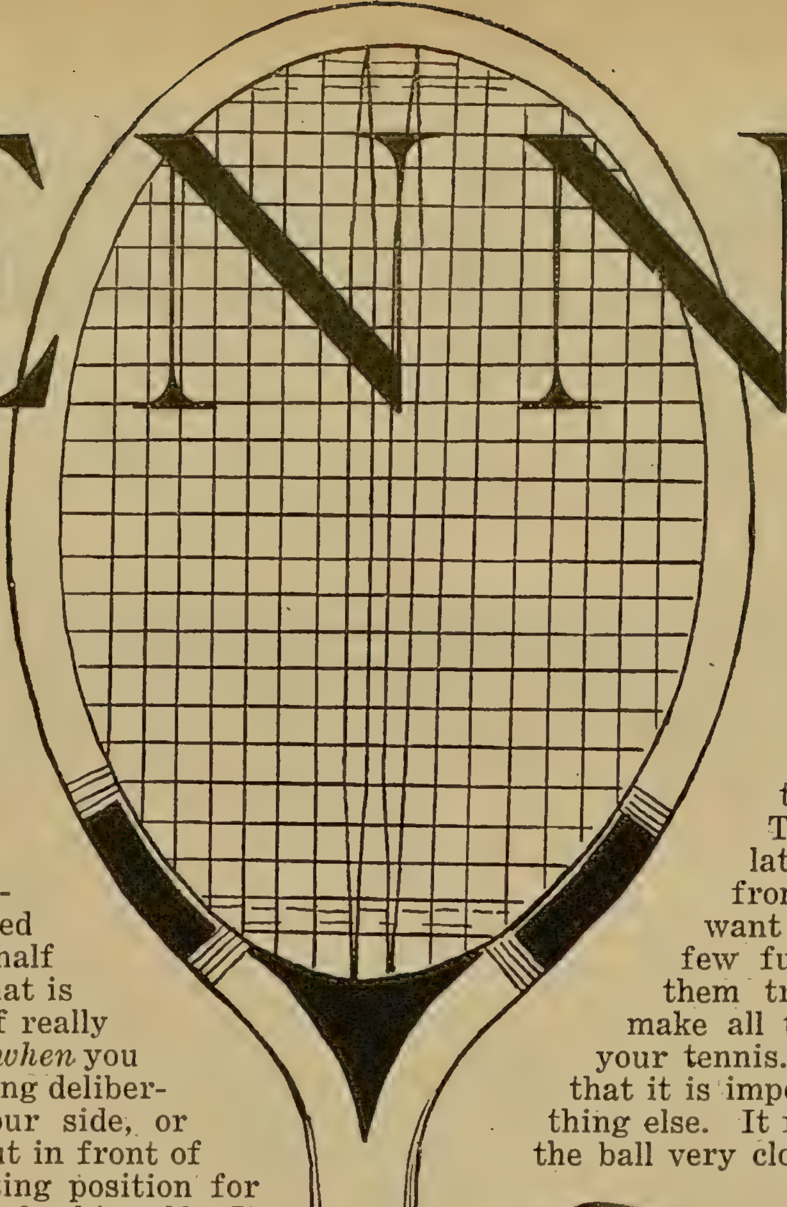
"Yes, and it is very important to do it. Haven't you ever wondered why it is that every instructor of the game makes such a fuss over this precept? Watching the ball until you are ready to hit it is not enough. You must keep your eye on it until you can actually see it on to the strings of your racket. Very soon you will find that you really know where the ball is going when you hit it. You will be able to control its flight and its direction, and you will never forget the feeling of security it gives you. Let's hit a few shots to illustrate the point."

Jean and I rallied for a few minutes. "It seems to you that the ball comes very quickly off my racket, doesn't it?"

She agreed that it did and that she wasn't able to anticipate the shot very well.

"As a matter of fact," I explained, "the ball is not coming to you very fast, but you are not watching it until you see it cross the net. Previous to that your attention has been on me, my position in the court, and my probable movements after I make my shot. Now, if you will watch the ball as I drop it to hit it, follow it in its flight through the air, and

TENNIS



watch it as it bounces in your court, you will find that you automatically see it on to the strings of your racket. It can't be helped. In having watched it this far you will have anticipated its direction; its speed will have seemed to slow down because the ball has not surprised you in its flight through the air."

Jean tried watching the ball carefully as I described, and I noticed immediately that she hit it about half a foot farther in front of her. That is one of the natural consequences of really watching the ball. If you can tell *when* you are hitting the ball, you are not going deliberately to let it get even with your side, or slightly behind that, or perhaps out in front of you. There is a comfortable hitting position for every player, and he should find it for himself. It is usually about a foot in front of him. When the player is able actually to see the ball approach him from the moment the opponent strikes it, he is bound to concentrate on hitting it when it has reached the position that is comfortable for him.

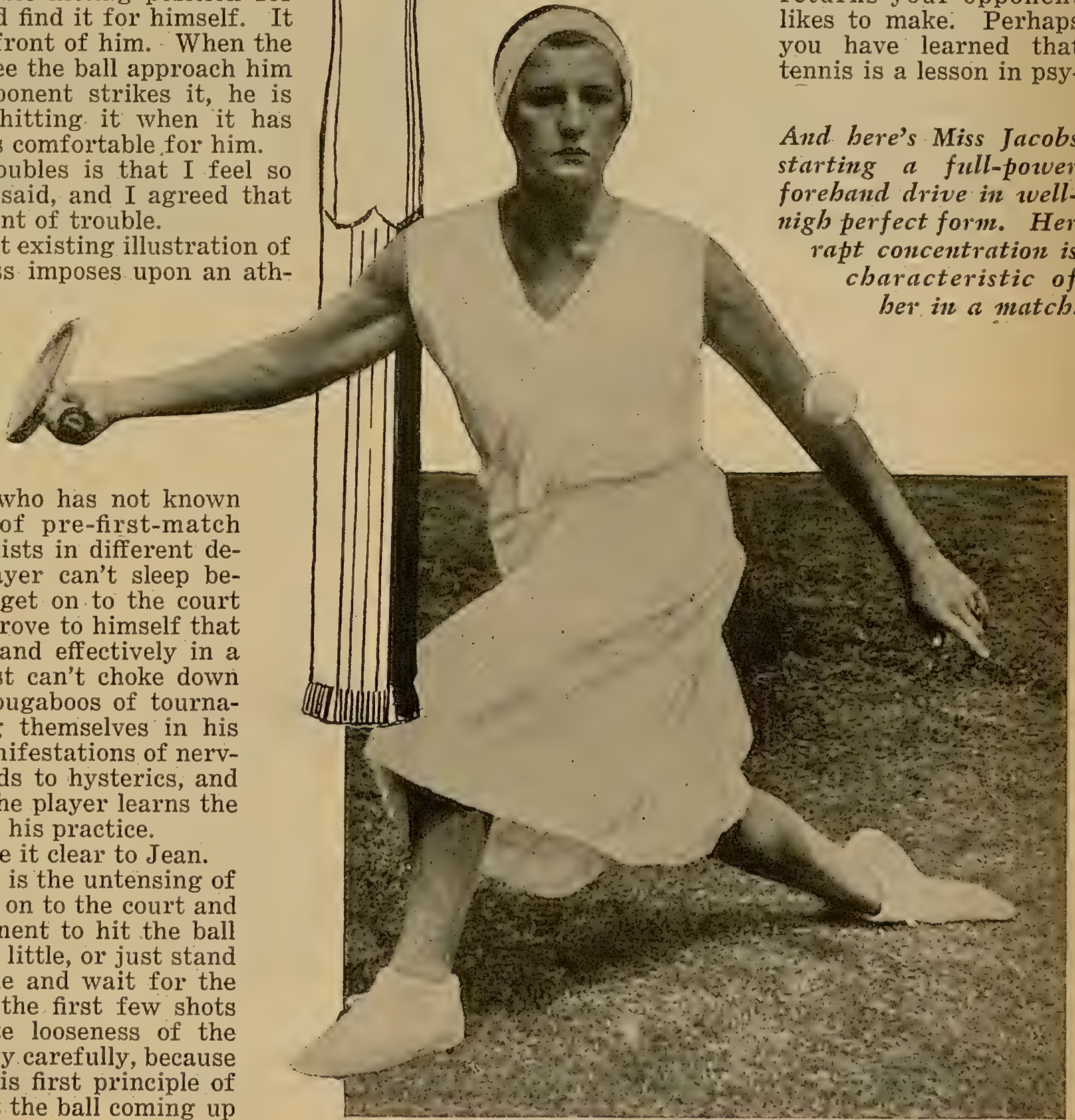
"I think one of my troubles is that I feel so tense on the court," Jean said, and I agreed that that might cause any amount of trouble.

Match play is the greatest existing illustration of the handicap that tenseness imposes upon an athlete. The ability to relax on the court has been the dominating feature of successful sportsmen and women since the day games began. I wonder if there is any beginner, or rather any player uninitiated in tournaments, who has not known the paralyzing anxiety of pre-first-match thoughts. This anxiety exists in different degrees. Sometimes the player can't sleep because he is so anxious to get on to the court and start playing, just to prove to himself that he can think quite sanely and effectively in a match. Or perhaps he just can't choke down his meals because all the bugaboos of tournament play are magnifying themselves in his mind. There are many manifestations of nervousness, from clammy hands to hysterics, and they can all be avoided if the player learns the importance of relaxation in his practice.

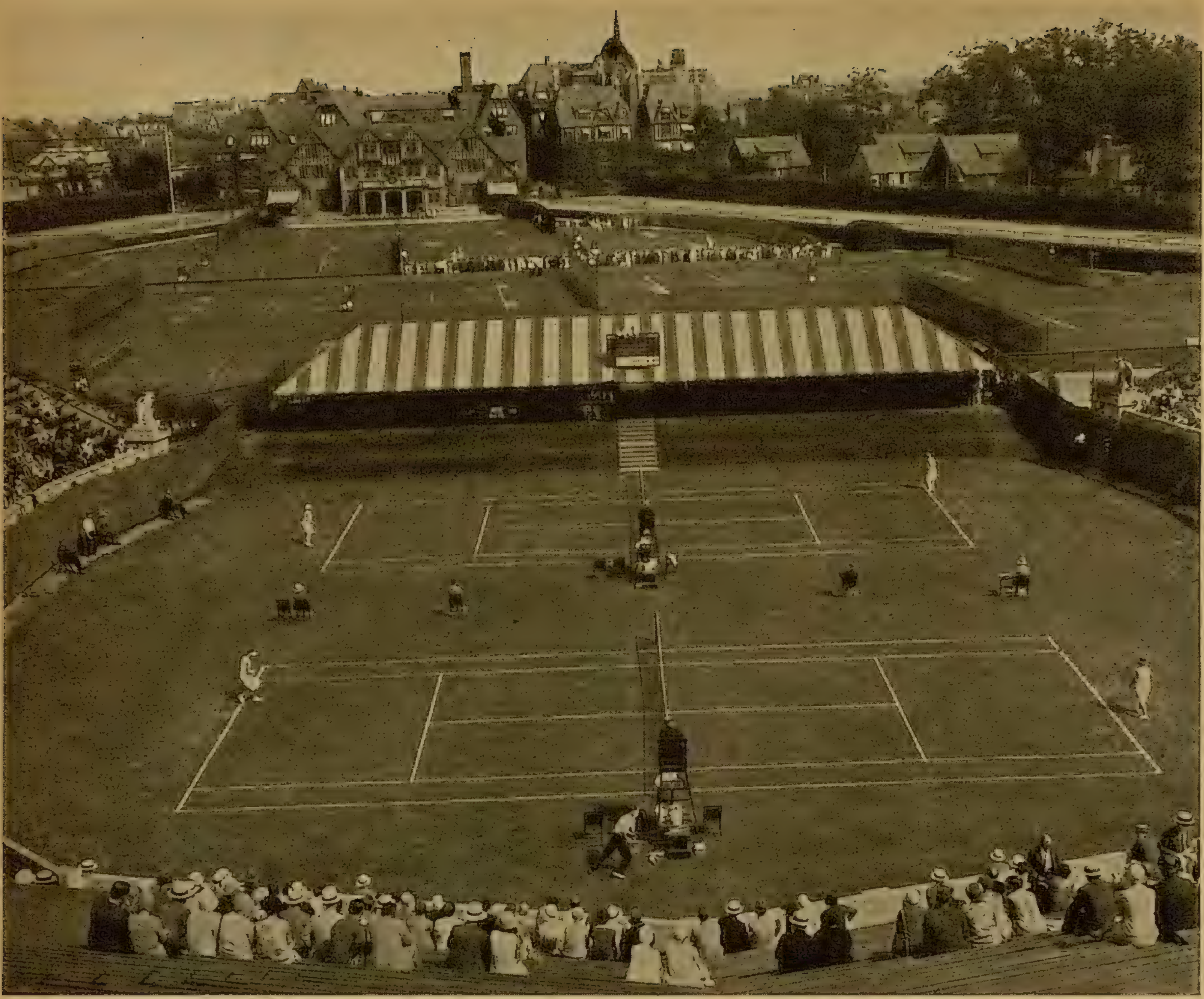
I am going to try to make it clear to Jean.

"Relaxation on the court is the untensing of the muscles. When you go on to the court and are waiting for your opponent to hit the ball to you, swing your racket a little, or just stand fairly limp on the base line and wait for the ball to come to you. Hit the first few shots with a feeling of complete looseness of the arms, but watch the ball very carefully, because when you are observing this first principle of good play you will find that the ball coming up to you suddenly won't destroy your relaxation. It is impossible to overemphasize this point.

"Whenever you move on the court concentrate on making the movement as effortless as possible. You can if you will think about it a great deal. There is something else that relates to this and is inseparable from it. It is anticipation. I want to point out to you, Jean, the few fundamentals—some people call them tricks of the game—that will make all the difference in the world in your tennis. Anticipation is so important that it is impossible to place it beneath anything else. It follows as a result of watching the ball very closely and of understanding the returns your opponent likes to make. Perhaps you have learned that tennis is a lesson in psy-



And here's Miss Jacobs starting a full-power forehand drive in well-nigh perfect form. Her rapt concentration is characteristic of her in a match.



U. & U. News photo

American versus English women tennis stars in a Wightman Cup team match at Forest Hills.

chology, observation, the rhythm of physical effort, and deduction. If you are a wise player you will take the greatest pains to discover any awkwardness in the movements of your opponent.

"Many of them dislike running backward. Therefore they will play all their shots to keep you from drawing them into the net and lobbing over their heads. You must realize this and try as hard as you can to memorize the plays that keep you in the back court and the position and movements of the player before he makes those returns.

"When you are able to tell ahead of time what he is going to do, and to get into position for the shot a bit sooner than usual, you will probably have the ball so thoroughly under your control as to be able to make a drop shot (a shot that drops just over the net and very close to it) to bring your opponent in, and then lob over his head into the back court, the very thing he dislikes. Once you have your opponent worrying about your tactics you've taken away half of his power.

"There are only two ways to anticipate, Jean. One of them is to watch the ball very closely; the other is to study the court, watch all the good players you can, and play every possible return yourself, even if they go into the net or over the backstop, just to determine the most difficult positions from which returns are made, as well as the simplest positions, and all the possible angles returns can take.

"Don't forget that the net is higher on the sides than at the middle. It is going to be far easier for your opponent to make cross-court returns and keep the ball low than to hit low shots down the side lines. Remember, too, that it takes the ball longer to go cross court than straight down the line, so if you make a cross-court drive and run in to the net, be sure your opponent doesn't catch you with a return down the line that gets into court so quickly you can't intercept it.

"The player who keeps these things in mind is the one who seems to anticipate the opponent's plays."

Jean can be excused for wanting to hit all her shots as hard as she can. The thrill of speed is irrepressible. To contact the ball in a terrific drive and watch it skim down the line or across the court is worth an entire afternoon at the game. It is the same old story--the spectacular versus the conservative.

However, I would advise Jean to improve her game by reducing the speed of her shots and concentrating for a while on outwitting the opponent on placement.

Although I am the first to admit the thrill of speed, I cannot overlook the fact that I have been fortunate in winning many of my own matches in other ways, and I should like Jean to have the benefit of this experience.

Frequently the critics have described my game in particular matches as "slice, slice, slice." Usually it has been against certain ones of my English and German opponents. Perhaps they wonder why I have been disposed to do this.

Chiefly because those opponents dislike slices; they say so to me after every match I play against them. They don't like to hit a low, sliding ball.

One of my Wightman Cup opponents said to me after our match at Wimbledon last year, "How I hate that blasted slice of yours!"—and as long as she feels that way about it I will slice against her. I don't enjoy sacrificing speed for a game like this. In fact, I don't entirely sacrifice it, because I still drive with as much force as I can on my backhand, but if the slow, annoying game is the one to upset the opponent, that is the game to play.

Jean doesn't have to play in tournaments to put this into practice. Every game she has with her friends—the ones she wants to defeat—should be the opportunity to try out the plan of placement. It will be surprising to her to find that her opponents are vulnerable when she deliberately plays to their weaknesses rather than aiming only to keep the ball in play.

IT was easy to explain these things to Jean because her games had been on the order of matches to her. She admitted as much. "I'll be glad if I *can* get over my nervousness when I play Marian. I know I never can beat her as long as I feel the way I always have. Once I get to playing I should be all right. It's before I go on to the court that my mind's in a bowknot.

"I visualize all my shots going into the net; or I imagine myself being afraid to take any chances. When I do that I'm lost."

"You need a little of the advice that Mlle. Lenglen had when she began to play," I told her, repeating the substance of the stories I had heard on the Riviera. "She was taught to play safe on the majority of her shots in a rally, keeping the ball a foot and a half or two above the net, and then when she saw the chance to score she would bring the return down close to the net and get it into the opponent's court as quickly as possible. She wouldn't take this risk on all her returns, though. That would be an unnecessary chance.

"Tilden once told me," I passed his advice on to her, "that it was a good idea to try occasionally for the difficult passing shot against the opponent intrenched at the net, even though it was extremely improbable that you should make it.

"It worries the opponent to think that next time you might succeed, and he is bound to approach the net with a certain amount of timidity."

Jean decided that whatever Tilden did was worth giving a try. Then she passed on to another question: "Do you think I ought to train harder than I do?"

"How hard do you train?" I asked.

"Oh, I lead a normal life. There really isn't much for me to do except get lots of sleep."

"I should think that would be enough," I answered. "You might try setting-up exercises and skipping rope for a half hour in the morning.

"As a matter of fact, you will find that tennis itself will keep you in awfully good trim. It does a great deal besides developing your physical strength, you know. At the same time that you are being taught, through experience on the court, to run with agility, you are learning the importance of deep, rhythmic breathing—"

She interrupted me: "Yes. That is where I fall down. I find myself gasping on the court after I have run for a hard shot, and when I try to get back my wind as quickly as possible, it upsets me."

"The trouble probably is that you don't stand still on the base line after the rally and breathe deeply and slowly four or five times. This will restore your wind much sooner than breathing as hard and fast as you can.

"Perhaps you have never thought of conserving your energy for the moment of greatest need.

"This is one of the most valuable lessons tennis teaches. You mustn't run after hopeless shots, or waste your energy jumping for balls you can't reach.

"You have perhaps already found," I suggested, "that you are learning to judge distance and speed. And the constant consideration of tactics in your game is developing your mental alertness for quick decisions."

Jean told me later that she concentrated on these things for a week's practice, ending on Saturday. When I went to the club on Sunday she was buying ginger ale for the crowd, and I discovered that she had just defeated Marian.

THE END

"I followed Marian Nixon's advice—

1 "I'm glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "Men seemed to *like* me well enough, but when it came to dates and flowers, some other girl was likely to win out."

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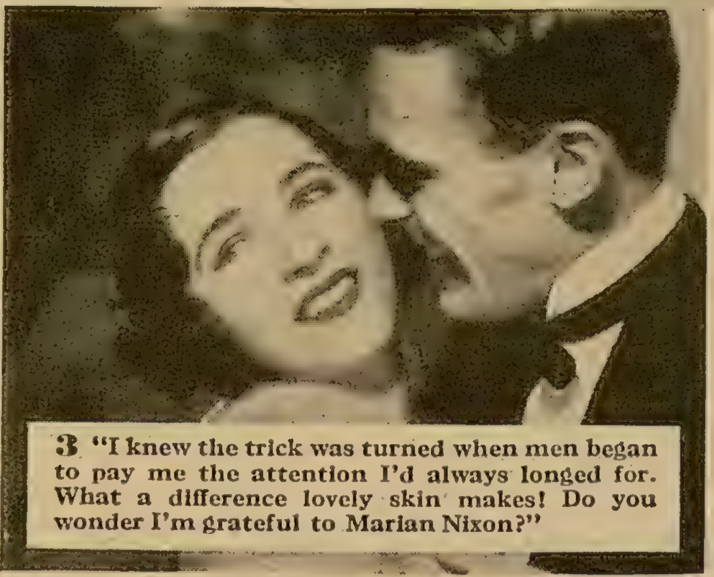

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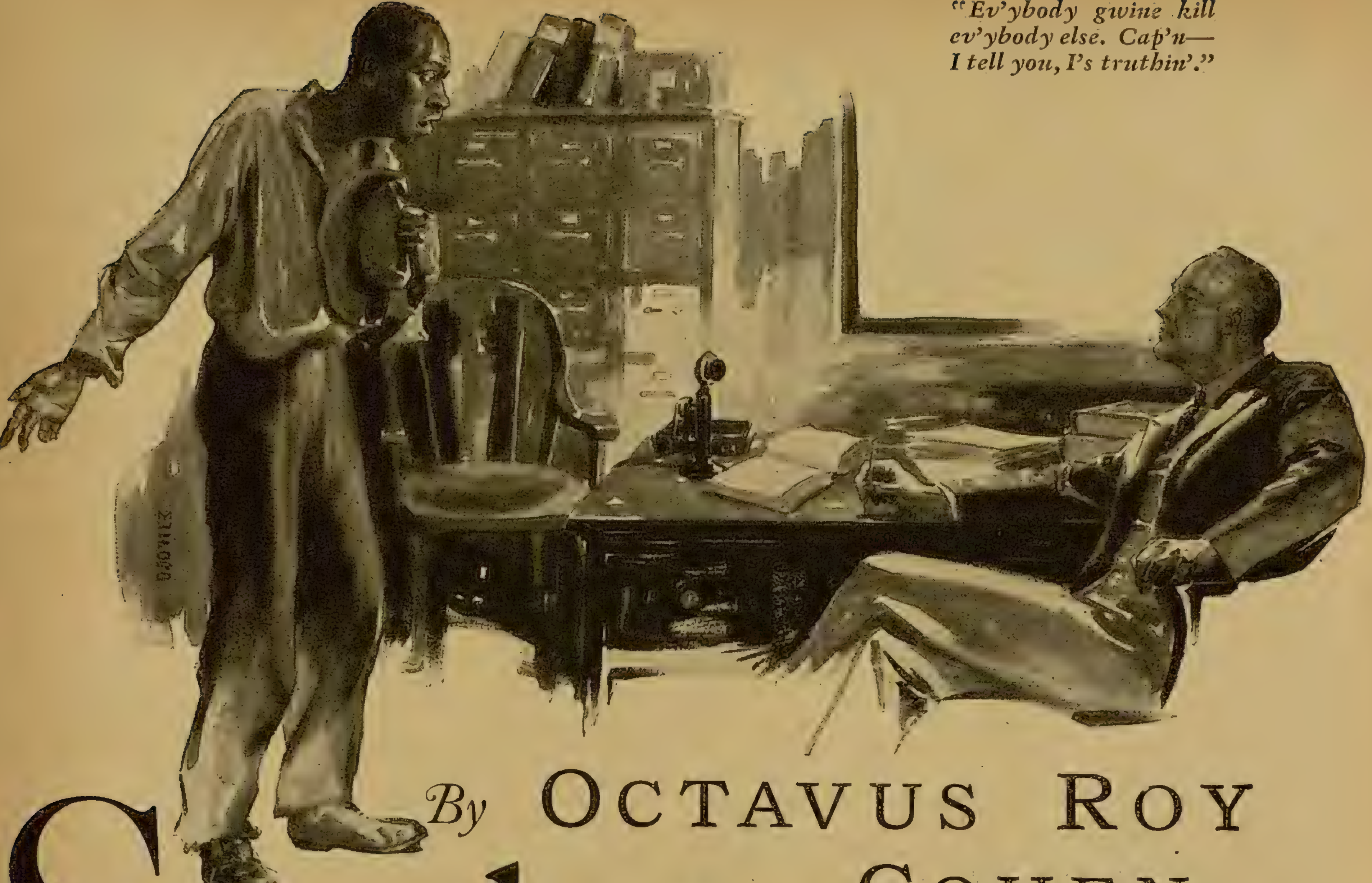


"Ev'ybody gwine kill ev'ybody else. Cap'n—I tell you, I's truthin'."

Scarlet Woman

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrations by STOCKTON MULFORD

Plot and Counterplot Rear Their Heads in a New Tense Chapter of This Stirring Serial

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Judith and Eddie Grainger's fight against the gossip and intrigue of a small Southern town. Judith, employed by Kurt Weigand in the Karnak State Bank, marries Bill Vernon and goes away. She finds Vernon is a bigamist and he is sent to prison. Judith returns and Weigand reëmploys her, but the town brands Judith a scarlet woman. Eddie, her childhood sweetheart, offers to marry her and she accepts.

Weigand dies and leaves her the bank, which virtually controls the whole county. The rough element of the town, headed by Sheriff Kolker and Lefty Bragan, owner of a poolroom, stage an unsuccessful run on the bank.

Then they secure Vernon's parole from prison for the purpose of killing Eddie, whom Judith has made president of the bank.

Eddie plans to make the town pay for all of the heartaches it has caused Judith, and proceeds to foreclose on mortgages held by the bank. Judith asks him to be lenient, but he refuses to listen.

Vernon returns to Karnak and forces his company on Judith, at last going so far as to meet her in front of the bank. Eddie observes this just as Quincy Morrow, owner of the cotton mills, whose notes the bank holds, and whose wife has been the most bitter gossip against Judith, comes in to interview him.

PART NINE—DOUBLE COLD-BLOODED MURDER

MR. MORROW talked frankly, fearlessly, and honestly about his affairs. "It begins to look as though the textile industry will emerge from the depression first, Eddie. New England cotton mills are increasing their output. The upsweep hasn't reached me yet—but it will. All I need is time."

"Your notes," said Eddie coldly, "will be due in six weeks."

"I realize that. I also realize that you are in a position to ruin me—or to save me. You can do the latter without violating a single principle of sane sound banking. I can't offer any additional security and I can't save myself if you insist on taking over. I'm simply appealing to you to help me out."

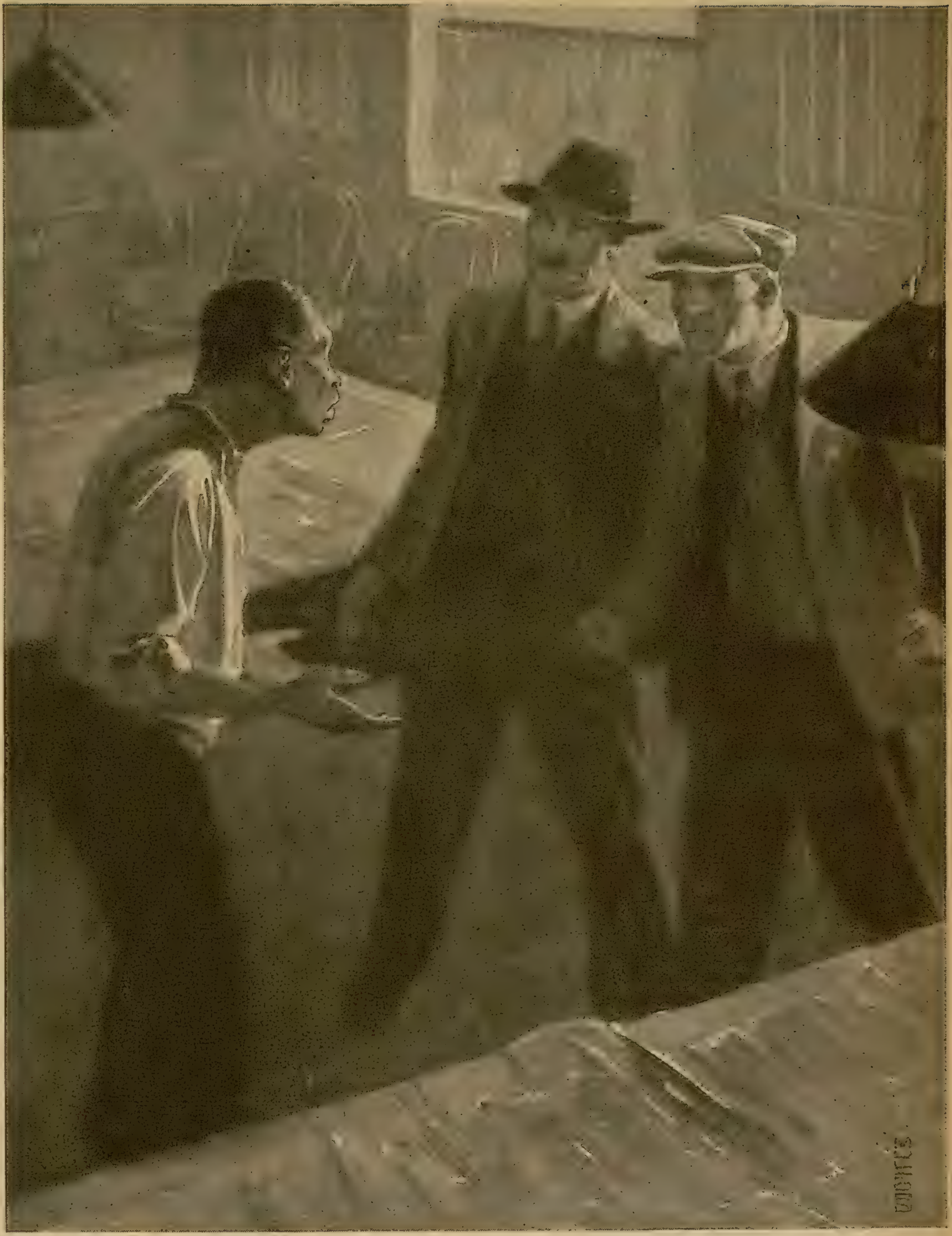
"Why should I?"

"For no reason except that the collapse of the Morrow Cotton Mills will complete the paralysis of the town."

"If I take them over they will continue to run. This bank has acquired several businesses recently and none of them have closed their doors."

"The mills happen to mean something to me, Eddie. My father founded them; I have developed them. Don't you think that is worth some consideration?"

Eddie hesitated. "It should be, Mr. Morrow. But I'm afraid it can't work out that way."



"I must of gone to sleep, Mistuh Bragan. I been feelin' pow'ful slumberous all day, suh."

"Your mind is made up?"

"Yes. It happens, Mr. Morrow, that I like you personally. I admire you. But in this case—"

Quincy Morrow rose. He seemed old and beaten. "We're both thinking the same thing, Eddie; so there's no use putting it into words. From a personal standpoint I can't blame you. But from a purely civic angle I believe you're making a mistake."

"Perhaps. But I'm only doing what seems justified."

Morrow sighed. "And you won't change?"

"WOULD you," Eddie asked, "if our positions were reversed?"

"That's a difficult question to answer."

"But I'm asking it just the same. Would you?"

Quincy Morrow shook his head. "I'm afraid I'd do just what you are doing," he said simply. "Good day, my boy."

That night, after dinner, Judith mentioned Bill Vernon.

"You saw him waiting for me, didn't you, Eddie?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that he has met me on the street several times and insisted on walking home with me?"

"I had heard so."

Her eyes were clouded with pain. "What do you think about it, Eddie?"

He chose his words with care: "I think the situation is becoming rather intolerable."

She studied his face. It seemed older; more stern than she had believed it ever could be. It was difficult for her to believe that this was the languid, lackadaisical young man who had been known as the town character—who had been content to bask in the sunshine outside Ernie Rudd's Diner, reading poetry and books on philosophy, smiling with secret amusement at the hustle-bustle of the world in general and of the citizens of Karnak in particular.

Now there was a barrier between them—a barrier so formidable that she knew it could not be hurdled. Not for a long time, at any rate. She thanked the Fates for one thing: that they had a mutual appreciation of each other's intelligence and that they could talk frankly.

Would he ever tell her what he was thinking about Bill Vernon? Dared she confess the extent of the annoyance and embarrassment to which she was being subjected? She found herself longing for the old indifferent Eddie. Because his new strength meant danger. She found herself speaking tensely:

"At first I wondered what Bill was doing here—why he came. Now I'm afraid I know. He's looking for trouble."

"With me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"That's the one thing I can't figure out, Eddie. He's a scoundrel, and because of that I thought he was after money. But he's never given any hint of that. And he won't leave."

"He says he's in love with you, doesn't he?"

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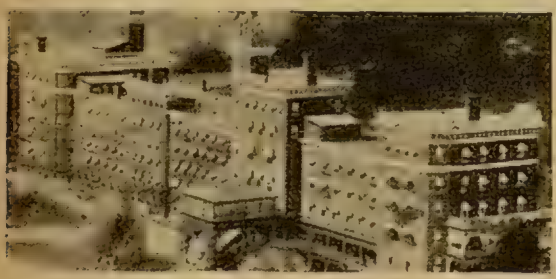

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"Yes. But he isn't telling the truth."

"You're sure?"

"Reasonably. Yes, I'm sure."

"The situation is rather embarrassing for you, isn't it, Judith?"

"Not too much so, Eddie. Oh! Can't you see what I'm trying to tell you—that you *must* let things continue as they are?"

"You want me to play the coward?"

"Ignoring the situation isn't cowardly, Eddie. It's brave and it's right. Why can't we be sensible about this? Why won't you be big enough and fearless enough to disregard Bill Vernon?"

"That's rather a large order, Judith."

"I don't think I've ever directly asked you a favor, Eddie. I'm asking one now. If you care for me, will you promise to forget Bill—to do nothing to force the issue?"

"You understand what you're asking?"

"Yes."

"And you feel you have a right to ask it?"

"I do, Eddie—I do, really."

He unclenched his long, sensitive fingers and spread them in a gesture of helpless resignation.

"I haven't the right to refuse you any request, Judith. I promise you I'll do nothing. That is"—and his voice grew perceptibly harder—"unless my hand is forced. There could be some things, Judith, that even I could not take sitting down."

LEFTY BRAGAN closed his poolroom for the night. With gruff geniality he dismissed five hilarious young men who had been enjoying a game of Kelly pool, and they went through the door and down the street for their nightly hamburgers and coffee at Ernie Rudd's Diner.

The very black man, Pallid, busied himself arranging the tables for the night: brushing the green baize, covering each table with waterproof material, sweeping up some of the cigar and cigarette butts which littered the floor, and then retiring to a far corner to inspect his stock of cues and to affix fresh tips to a dozen or so which were rather the worse for wear. Mr. Bragan, paying no attention whatsoever to the colored man, walked into his private office and telephoned the residence of Sheriff Gantt Kolker. Fifteen minutes later Kolker entered the poolroom, followed shortly by Bill Vernon.

They gathered in Lefty's private office, where Pallid brought them glasses, ice, and ginger ale. Then, when the colored man returned to his tasks, Mr. Bragan produced a jug containing a concoction distilled for his particular benefit in the nethermost depths of Four Holes Swamp. The jug gurgled, ice clinked, glasses were raised, and Lefty said: "Here's how!" Then, when the first drops of the fiery and potent liquid had trickled down their throats, Mr. Bragan inquired of Bill Vernon how things were going.

Mr. Vernon seemed despondent. "Slow as hell," he reported.

"How come?"

"It's as I expected, Lefty. This Grainger is a fish. He's most likely mad, but he won't do anything about it."

"I reckon," said Kolker heavily, "that he's bidin' his time."

"Well, if that's the case, sheriff, he isn't doing a halfway job. I never saw a man do such a grand job of biding."

The humor was slightly beyond Mr. Kolker. He said, "Don't you worry none, Bill. This here Eddie Grainger ain't lackin' for courage."

"No? Then what is he waiting for? Am I supposed to slap his face on the street?"

"That'd be kind of foolish," commented the literal Mr. Kolker. "If you was to do that, Bill, folks would get the idea that you was seekin' trouble, an' then I'd have a tol'able hard time doin' nothin'."

BILL turned toward Lefty and his left eyelid flickered expressively. "Just a bit slow on the uptake, aren't you, sheriff? I was speaking figuratively, of course."

"You couldn't slap his face anyway," contested Kolker. "You got to let him start the trouble."

Vernon shrugged. "That's what I wanted to discuss with you both. I've done everything I can think of. I've forced myself on Judith every time she has stepped into the street. I've played the rôle of lovesick swain until I'm damned tired of it. I want to get the thing over with, and I'm asking how!"

Mr. Bragan's heavy spatulate fingers were drumming on the surface of his ancient roll-top desk.

"I had Grainger figured wrong," he confessed. "I thought he'd swing into action pretty quick."

"You thought! I could have told you he wouldn't."

"You may be wrong even yet, Bill. I knew Eddie's daddy, and he wasn't afraid of nothin'. Not that he was a fighter—a real peaceable citizen, in fact—but I wouldn't have craved to get him sore at me."

"Oh, yeah? That's interesting. But it hasn't got anything to do with our young pet. Me, I'm getting impatient. And I don't believe anything is going to happen."

"What makes you think that?"

"I know Judith." Bill Vernon winked obscenely. "And how! She's got a head on her shoulders. She's doped it out that I'm here looking for trouble, and she has warned Eddie to sit quiet—which he seems to be doing most successfully."

"You mean you think they've agreed to take anything you do?"

"Just about that."

"Then," said Lefty quietly, "you've got to do something that no man can take."

"O.K. with me. But it's got to be self-defense when it does happen. Remember, I'm a paroled convict, and unless I've got a hundred-per-cent case I'd be in a tight spot."

"I reckon you needn't worry about

that, Bill." Sheriff Kolker was speaking. "I'm seeing to it that you won't get in no jam—provided you don't do nothin' absolutely foolish."

Vernon ignored the guardian of the public peace.

"You've got a hunch, Lefty. Spill it."

Mr. Bragan's eyes narrowed. "It takes guts."

"You don't say! Well, I'm still interested."

"The way you dope this thing," summarized Lefty, "Eddie and Judith have thrashed it out and decided to let you stick around and make yourself unpleasant without ever trying to stop you. Am I right?"

"So far," nodded Vernon, "you're almost perfect."

"The one thing you've got figured wrong, however, is Eddie. Maybe he'll start slow, but he'll finish strong. He'll stand just so much but no more. And I'm telling you now, Bill, if it ever comes to action you'll have to act quick. There never was a Grainger that couldn't shoot straight and fast."

"Go ahead, Lefty; you've got me all of a twitter."

"Day after tomorrow," continued Lefty, "is the first of the month. That means a ten-to-one chance that Eddie will be working late at the bank tomorrow night. What's been happening around every first is that Judith has usually gone home late in the afternoon and helped fix dinner. Eddie drifts in about seven o'clock, leaving Greg Karen at the bank. Then, after dinner, he goes back to the bank till about ten or eleven. Most of the time Judith stays home and waits for him. But even when she joins him at the bank it ain't until almost time for him to quit. That means that from about eight thirty, when the servants go, until at least ten, she's alone in that house." Vernon was listening attentively.

"Of course," went on Lefty, "if I'm entirely wrong about Eddie I'm wrong, and we'll have to think of something else. But if I've got him doped out at all—I'm wondering what would happen if, at about nine o'clock tomorrow night, or maybe nine thirty, Eddie Grainger was to get a telephone call at the bank tellin' him that you and Judith were in his house acting very romantic."

Vernon nodded instantly. "That checks with me as far as it goes, Lefty. But it doesn't go far enough."

"Listen to this, then. Unless I'm crazy, that'll be the push that will send Eddie over the cliff. He'll beat it for his house, and the chances are he'll have a gun in his pocket. He don't carry one regular, but he keeps one in his desk."

"Sounds nifty. Gun in his pocket: self-defense on my part, of course."

"Right. By the time he gets home you ought to have Judith all hot and bothered. She'll probably let loose to Eddie the minute he walks in the house. He'll reach for his gun and—" Lefty made an expressive gesture.

"You'd better shoot quick if he does," counseled Kolker.

"I sort of guessed that myself, sheriff."

"THE layout," continued Lefty, "is perfect. The whole town knows that you've been polite and gentlemanly from the minute you got back. They've seen you walking with Judith every day, and they don't know but what she's still pretty fond of you. They've heard you calling her sweet names, and there's been so much gossip that we can find a dozen nice decent honest citizens who will swear that they've heard her slipping you a little honey. So it looks as though she's probably invited the affair, which is what you will testify—if any testimony is necessary. Our friend here, the sheriff, will actually swear to it."

"Yeh," nodded Kolker. "You can count on me."

"And after the fireworks," inquired Vernon, "what then? I'm not craving to stick around and take my chances with a court. It's sweet to know that you boys will stand by me if that becomes necessary, but I hate to impose on you too much. What I'm looking for is a getaway. I have an ambition to remove myself a long, long distance from this town, with plenty of cash in my pockets, reserving all that good testimony for when—and if—they catch me. I'm peculiar that way. I'd rather postpone using all this immunity until I need it."

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"I understand. Now listen. Do you know where the old Jarrell cottage is—across the railroad tracks, right on the edge of the swamp?"

"That old tumble-down place that looks like nobody but spooks ever lived there—and that they didn't enjoy it?"

"That's it. Well, I'll be waiting there—"

"With the money, Lefty—with the money. Don't forget that you've got to lay it on the line as soon as I've performed my little task."

"I'll have it. In cash. I'll also have a little car there for you, filled with gas and ready to travel. I'll see you go to the Grainger cottage. I'll put in the telephone call to Eddie. I'll hang around Court Street until he starts for home. Then I'll beat it to the Jarrell dump. I'll be listening for the explosion, Bill—and wishing you luck. As soon as you've done the job, you can come to the Jarrell place and get yours. Then the sooner and completer you get away, the happier I'll be."

"And how sure is that get-away?"

"VERY sure. The sheriff, here, is a thoughtful guy. He's going to be convinced that you're around the village and he's going to search personal for you for several days. Then he'll notify the police of other cities that he can't find you. Meanwhile there's going to be a lot of talk going the rounds about how you shot in self-defense and got away because you were afraid you wouldn't get a square deal—being a paroled convict. Kolker will bend all his energies to see that you have plenty of start and are never caught. But if you should be unfortunate, we'll be set to testify you out of the jam."

"I think that would be a good idea, too," agreed Bill Vernon. "And just to keep the record straight, I don't want either of you guys to think I'm a sap. If it ever comes to trial and you birds don't turn handsprings to get me off, I'm warning you now that I'll spill what I know. And I know plenty."

"We wouldn't dare to double-cross you, Bill."

"I'm glad you realize that," said Vernon. "I see it so clearly myself that I'm not afraid to take the chance."

He rose and brushed a speck of dust from the lapel of his coat. "We're to consider it all set?"

"All set. If there's any hitch I'll let you know in plenty of time."

"I'll be getting along. I'd enjoy a good night's sleep."

He walked the length of the poolroom and closed the front door softly. Sheriff Kolker gazed after him with keen admiration.

"Nervy cuss," he commented.

"Oh, he's got guts all right, sheriff. But they ain't gonna get him very far."

"I was wonderin' about that, Lefty. He looks like awful bad medicine."

"I'm no spring tonic myself, sheriff."

"You'll carry through your part of it?"

"Why not? Do you think it'd be very healthy for that guy to keep on breathing when just a word from him would land you and me both in the pen?"

"No-o. And you'll really meet him at the Jarrell place, Lefty?"

"I sure will, sheriff." Mr. Bragan gave a brief summary of the situation: "I'll see Vernon enter the Grainger house. I'll see Eddie leave the bank. I'll hear the shots. Then, if Mr. Vernon leaves that house alive and comes to the Jarrell place, it'll prove to me that the job has been done."

"You mean—?"

"I mean exactly that, sheriff. The sound of a gun in the Grainger cottage will be my cue. The shots will be, I might say, the signal for a very great surprise for Mr. Bill Vernon."

The sheriff's paunch quivered. "That's funny," he chuckled. "Bill Vernon's own revolver givin' the signal for you to go ahead and shoot him."

THE men rose and snapped off the light in the private office. They moved toward the front door, feeling their way in the dim light. Then Lefty Bragan stumbled over something.

"What the hell!"

A figure leaped up in the gloom. "'Scuse me, Mistuh Bragan; 'scuse me, suh. 'Tain't nobody but Pallid."

"What are you doing here?"

"I must of gone to sleep, Mistuh Bragan. I been feelin' pow'ful slumberous all day suh."

"Well, get out of here!"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Bragan—tha's the mos' thing I crave to do. I's gwine right now, Mistuh Bragan. I don' need no mo' hints."

Sheriff Kolker gazed after the fleeing figure.

"Reckon he heard anything, Lefty?"

"Not a chance, sheriff. When that nigger sleeps, he sleeps. And I don't mean maybe!" . . .

The Morrow Cotton Mills are located on Pineville Road, a scant half mile from the civic center of Karnak. The main building is a long, gaunt structure three stories in height, and in good times its spindles and looms chatter prosperity to the ears of passers-by.

Now it was working on quarter time. The sprawling mill village adjoining—a world in itself—was prostrated by the depression. Idle workers lounged on the narrow verandas of their tiny homes, staring with lackluster eyes at the pine trees. Good times were ahead for the textile industry, but in the spring of 1932 they were very far ahead for the Morrow Mills.

The workers were not rebellious. Southern textile workers are not of the rebellious type. Accustomed to poverty and squalor, they accept the buffetings of fate uncomplainingly and, in some miraculous manner, keep body and soul together when there are no wages to be earned.

Inside the big building Quincy Morrow's trained ear missed the clatter and clangor of capacity production. He was busy with pencil and paper, figuring, thinking, planning—and arriving inevitably at a result which foretold defeat.

He needed time—and Eddie Grainger was refusing to grant it. Three more months would help; he was con-

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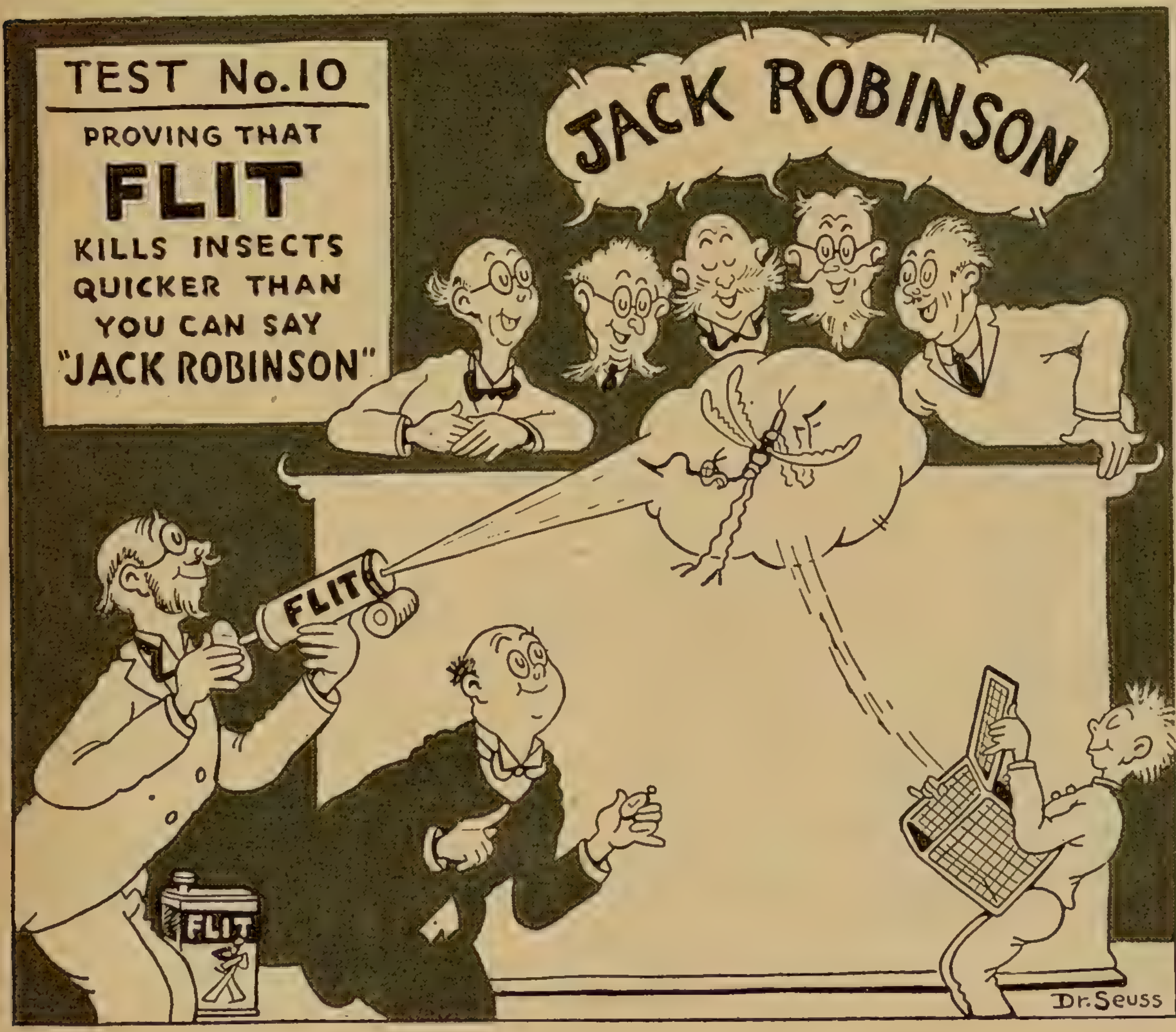

vinced that six months would mean financial salvation. But Eddie was obdurate. He made it very clear that the Karnak State Bank intended to take over the Morrow Mills. And it was apparent to Quincy Morrow that there was nothing he could do about it.

Morrow's secretary entered to announce a visitor. The owner of the mills glanced through the west window into the brilliant glow of the declining sun and inquired the visitor's identity.

" It's that Negro boy, Pallid, who used to do odd jobs around here, Mr. Morrow."

Morrow frowned. " He's been working for Lefty Bragan, hasn't he? "

" I believe so."

" Show him in," ordered Quincy Morrow.

Pallid was frightened. Every gesture, every movement, every apprehensive glance indicated that.

" M-m-mistuh Morrow," he whispered—" you ain' gwine tell on me, is you? "

" Tell on you? About what, Pallid? "

" C-c-c-comin' heah, suh. Was Mistuh Bragan to know what I's doin', he'd exterminate me."

The big man smiled reassuringly. " This visit will remain a secret between us, Pallid. You have my word. Now—what's the matter? "

The eyes of the Negro rolled. " Mistuh Morrow—they's heaps the matter. An' I di'n' know nobody else to tell it to, so I come heah."

" You're in trouble? "

" N-n-nossuh! 'Tain't me, suh. It's Mistuh Eddie."

The smile vanished from the white man's face.

" Mr. Eddie Grainger? "

" Y-y-yassuh. Tha's which."

" What kind of trouble, Pallid? "

" Y-y-you ain' gwine leave nothin' happen to me, Mistuh Morrow, is you? You promise? "

" I promise. Now, tell me. What's wrong with Mr. Grainger? "

" Ain' nothin' wrong, cap'n. Not yet there ain't. But tonight—oh, lawsy! "

" What's going to happen tonight? "

" They's fixin' to kill him! "

" Who is fixing to kill whom? "

" Ev'ybody gwine kill ev'ybody else. Cap'n—I tell you, I's truthin'. Come the moonrise, this town is gwine be overflowin' with fatal homicide."

QUINCY MORROW knew how to handle Pallid. He talked gently, persuasively, taking pains not to confuse or frighten him.

" Mr. Grainger is going to be killed? "

" Yassuh. Entirely."

" By whom? "

" M-m-mistuh Bill Vernon."

" You're sure? "

" Cap'n, I's posolutely certain. Nor that ain't all."

" What do you mean? "

" After Mistuh Vernon gits thoo extinctin' Mistuh Eddie, then Mistuh Bragan is gwine kill Mistuh Vernon."

" Where did you hear this absurd rumor, Pallid? "

" 'Tain't a'surd, Mistuh Morrow. Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg if it is. I heard them talkin' 'bout it last night, an'—"

" You heard who talking? "

" Mistuh Bragan, Mistuh Vernon, an' the high sheriff."

" Gantt Kolker? "

" Tha's him, Mistuh Morrow. Tha's jus' ezac'ly who."

Quincy Morrow was astonishingly calm. " Do they know you heard them? "

" N-n-n-nossuh. I pretemded like I was asleep. An' all day, cap'n, I been wonderin' who to tell. I was skeered, an' the thing was on my conscious. Then I thought, if I tol' you, you woul'n' leave me git in no trouble . . ."

" I promise. Now suppose you sit down, Pallid, and tell me everything you know. Tell it simply—and don't draw on your imagination."

" Y-y-yassuh, cap'n. I's gwine do that ve'y thing."

. . . . .

Quincy Morrow finished speaking. He gazed at the tense faces of the four men who had responded to his summons.

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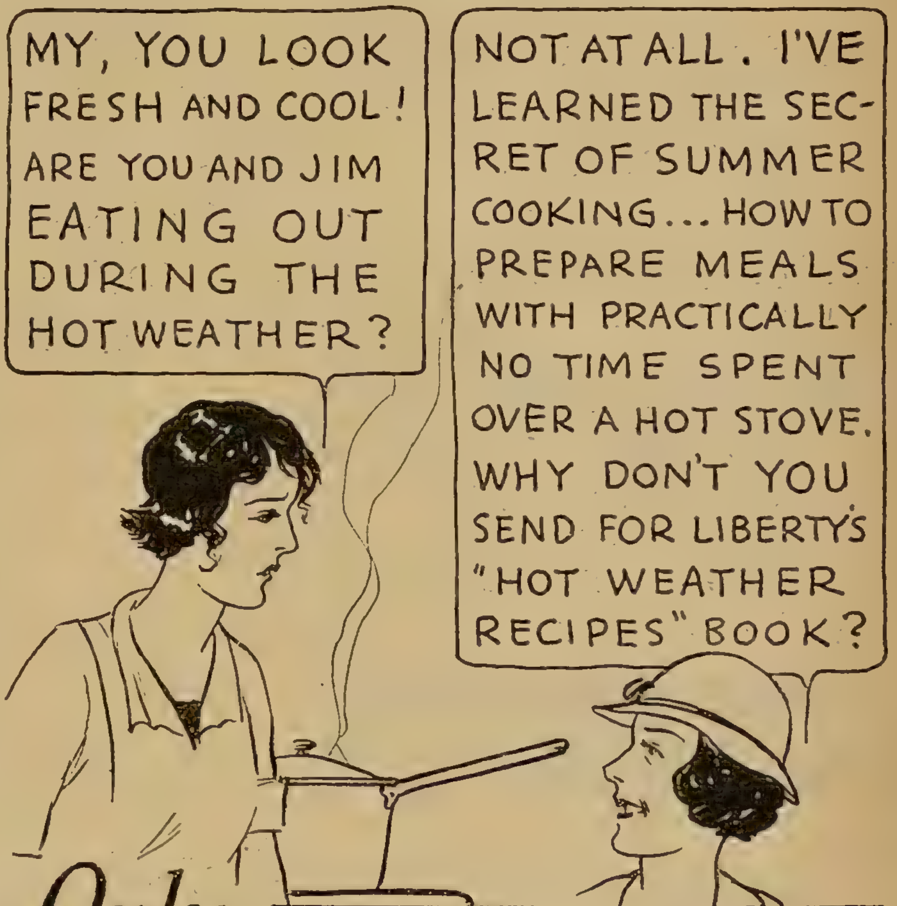
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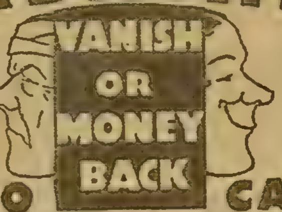

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"And that, gentlemen," announced Morrow, "is what this town has descended to. Gangster stuff. Double cold-blooded murder. The point is, are we going to permit it?"

Arthur Connor shook his head. "Not if there's any way we can stop it, Quincy."

"There's got to be a way. And we may as well face the situation frankly. It has always puzzled me how Vernon happened to be paroled and why he returned to this town. Now I understand. Grainger has been squeezing a good many of us, and he has particularly tightened up on our sheriff and on Lefty Bragan. It's obvious what they're thinking: that if Eddie Grainger is killed by Vernon, Judith will not suspect that Bragan and Kolker were involved. She'll never know that it was a conspiracy. She will be prostrated by her husband's death, and the chances are that she will lose interest—for a while at least—in the bank. She will be lenient with all of us, and we are in a position where leniency would be valuable. We are faced with this decision: Shall we permit this thing to go through and save ourselves financially, or interfere and ruin ourselves?"

They spoke in chorus: "You've already decided that, Quincy, or you wouldn't have brought us here. The question is, what can we do?"

Sidney Greenberg, a swarthy, pudgy little man, made a suggestion: "We should maybe tell Eddie he had better look out, no?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do. You see, gentlemen, I happen to believe that Eddie Grainger is not lacking in courage, and I'm afraid the minute he knew that Vernon was annoying Judith—in their own home—he'd go there. And that would be the worst thing he could do."

"But," argued Mr. Greenberg, "this loafer Vernon wouldn't shoot nobody if there should be some witnesses, would he?"

Morrow's face lighted. "You've hit it, Sidney!"

"What you mean I hit it?"

Arthur Connor was nodding. "You're right, Quincy. Eddie is at the bank now. We'll visit him and wait until his telephone call comes through. Eddie will probably attempt to get rid of us, but we'll go home with him. Bill Vernon won't dare do anything while we are there."

Mr. Greenberg seemed a trifle blue about the lips. "Shooting?" he inquired. "Shooting it's going to be?"

Dr. Revelle, Karnak's leading physician, smiled.

"Scared, Sidney?"

"Me scared? You should ask me that, doc! Of course I'm scared. But that don't say I ain't going with you."

Dr. Revelle asked a question: "Suppose Eddie refuses to let us go home with him?"

"We'll go anyway."

"And after we get there?"

"We'll have to be guided by circumstances."

They nodded grimly. Quincy Morrow walked to a cabinet in a corner, took out a revolver, broke it and inspected the chambers. Then he slipped it into his coat pocket.

"You ain't going to shoot nobody, are you, Quincy?" inquired Mr. Greenberg.

"I'm going to do whatever is necessary," said Morrow.

The five men filed silently from the room. Sidney Greenberg found himself walking beside Quincy Morrow.

"I wouldn't lie to you, Quincy," he said—"I'm nervous!"

In next week's issue you will read the thrilling conclusion of Octavus Roy Cohen's greatest novel.

PRIZE WINNERS

COVER TITLE FOR APRIL 29

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 36 seconds.)

I THINK the hands of men who deal with spiritual things are not like those of other men. Religious teachers seem to have hands of a special kind.

Feminine foolishness, you may say. You may contend that I should have been impressed more intellectually when I talked, a few days ago, with the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. Most of you are familiar with Dr. Cadman's voice and wisdom. By radio and newspaper he preaches to you regularly. With me he talked about important problems—war, peace, America's place in the world, woman's place in the home. Everything he said was illuminating and pungent, yet I came away uniquely impressed by his hands. Perhaps I can best describe them as *compassionate.*

By no means did I fail to appreciate his skill as an epigrammatist. Let me repeat some of the things he said to me:

"You can build your nest in a gun—if the right man is behind the trigger.

"I believe in that class of Americans who are neither degradingly poor nor disastrously rich.

"You can't nurse the golden calf without losing some Grade A milk of human kindness."

Dr. Cadman is the first preacher I have interviewed. I am more accustomed to movie queens and celebrities of the worldly sort. That brings me back to the subject of hands.

Fashionable women take diligent care of their hands. They beautify them with creams and lotions. But we all know that our hands are supposed to talk the mysterious language of the soul—to be capable of expressing feelings we can't put into words.

Is there some connection between this fact and the fact that religious teachers such as Dr. Cadman—teachers of kindness, tolerance, charity—so often have beautiful hands?

Dr. Cadman was born in England. He is a minister of the Congregational Church. Lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

A WOMAN is making life pretty difficult for a young lawyer I know. Their mix-up strikes me as a glaring example of the confused bookkeeping that causes so much bankruptcy in the sex business.

She is fifteen years older than he. She was divorced before they met. They have had five years of friendship, pleasant and valuable to them both. Nothing ever was said about love or marriage.

Now he has met a girl of his own age, and wishes to marry her. The older woman feels outraged. She has turned spiteful, is doing her best to break up the match.

Before his marriage plan developed there was no question of give-or-get between her and the young lawyer. Both shared equally in an agreeable association. Now she says, "I have given him five years—he owes me the rest of his life."

And he says, "I gave her five years—I owe her nothing."

Which one of them is right?

PARISIANS now have a glass pavilion where they sit in the sunshine and drink milk. Not cow's milk necessarily. Goats and she-donkeys are right there on the premises to be milked for those who prefer.

Various milk cures are the latest French health fad.

Goat's milk is said to be fine for children.

This has reminded me of our Russian sanatoria where the patients were dieted, in the old days, on mare's milk.

The theory behind all this is that certain people find goat's milk, mare's milk, or donkey's milk more beneficial to their systems than cow's milk.

AN old lady from New England has been telling me how turtles were treated in her youth. Once or twice a year the boys went out and caught a big snapping turtle. For a month thereafter the turtle was domiciled in a vat of buttermilk, where he lived and fattened majestically. Then he was killed, and all the neighbors were invited to a "snapping-turtle party."

The peculiar virtues of a snapping turtle's meat, so I am told, are the different flavors of his parts. Parts of him taste like chicken, other parts like fish, game, beef, or pork.

"STAMMERERS don't stammer when they talk to themselves or in their sleep. Stammerers and stutterers are nearly always individuals whose parents either babied them too much when they were children, or disciplined them too much. Children have thoughts of their own to express. When everything they say is received as childish nonsense by their parents, the very physical processes of speech are embarrassed, made hesitant and faltering."

This opinion comes to me from Dr. Frank Pearcy, American associate of the famous Dr. Adolph Adler of Vienna.

Dr. Pearcy says that stammering can often be cured in half an hour.

"But it is the mind that must be corrected," he says. "Not the tongue."

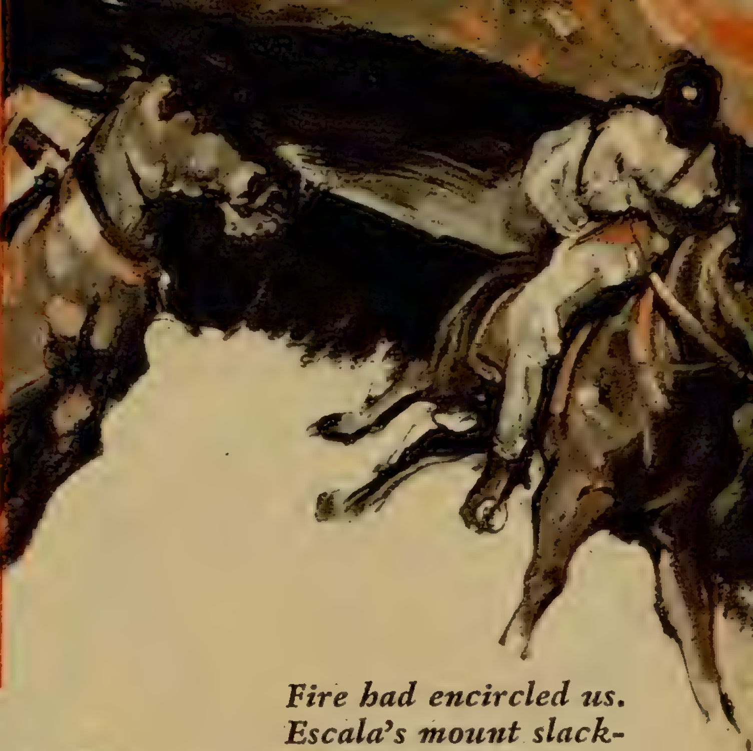
Stop fearing your listener, the doctor says, and you'll stop stammering.

GETTING the most out of your spare time is the subject of an interesting little book, Time to Live, written by Gove Hambidge and just published by Whittlesey House.

And Every Word of It True—*Gold-Seeker and Slave Girl Are Made One, and Ringed with Flame*

By JOSEPH DIXON
as told to
Captain DON WILKIE
Formerly of the United States Secret Service

Marriage Drums



Fire had encircled us. Escala's mount slackened its speed. I leaned over and held the muzzle of the gun close to her ear.

Illustrations by
CHARLES DE FEO

(Reading time: 25 minutes 5 seconds.)

HIRED by a pair of English scalawags to take part in a gun-running enterprise, the prospector and adventurer Joseph Dixon found himself in Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia. The gun-running was meant to curry favor with the Emperor Menelik. It succeeded, and Dixon shared in Menelik's approval. An old friend, Louie Lamont, had told Dixon that somewhere in Beni Shongul, the country of the Black Arabs, was a mountain of gold that might be the ancient Queen of Sheba's treasure-trove. Louie besought Dixon to go and find it. He made him acquainted with the Ras (Prince) Goorksa, but warned him that the ras's lovely wife was a wanton and a dangerous one.

Keeping secret his intention to explore Beni Shongul, Dixon assented to a proposal of the two Englishmen and the ras to stake him for a diamond hunt in a different region. He found only one diamond, but the ras's wife, Princess Goorksa, gained additional opportunities to try her fascinations on him. They failed, for he was much more attracted by her beautiful half-English slave Escala Miriam, who interpreted for him and the princess until he learned the native language. During these relayed conversations it had amused him to make love to the slave girl while pretending to court her mistress.

But on his return from the diamond hunt he learned that jealousy had caused the princess to have Escala whipped almost to death, and that now she meant to have her sold or killed. Rashly he went to the princess to try to intercede for her. The princess, having donned Parisian finery to receive him, made a last impassioned effort at seduction. When he repulsed her she became rabid, ordered her overseer to bring in Escala, and bade Dixon say good-by to the girl—" for good-by it shall be! "

PART THREE—" WHITHER THOU GOEST "

ESCALA recovered her balance and bowed.

" My lady sent for me? " she asked quietly.

Her calm courage heightened the princess's frenzy. Twice the ras's wife opened her mouth for imprecations that would not come. A convulsion shook her body. She staggered to her couch and fell unconscious.

Escala rushed to her side and chafed her wrists. I sent the staring eunuch for water, and sprinkled her face and foam-flecked lips.

" She wakes, sir," said Escala Miriam.

The princess's eyes opened and she looked at me sternly. " Leave me, please. And never come again."

I attempted to speak; but she put her hands over her ears and ordered Gabriel to escort me to the street. Escala glanced at me shyly, then continued her ministrations.

At the door I turned to look back, and the eunuch spoke in my ear:

" Escala is safe, ferangi. She is my friend and I protect her from our wicked lady. God witnesses it! *Era bi Menelik!* "

I stared at the monstrous black who a few minutes before would have disemboweled me at a word from the princess. I felt that a creature so loyal to a mistress he hated could be depended upon to guard to the death anyone who commanded his affections. Even so I was beset by doubts and fears.

I found Louie in his hut. He had been digging frantically among his boxes and crates.

" I 'ave zem! " he yelled, and rushed upon me waving a dusty bottle in one hand and a paper in the other. " Ze pass, good for anyw'ere in Abyssinia, an' ze bottle of bottles—ze Château Lafitte w'at I 'ave save zis long damn' time. We are rich! We celebrate! We split zis so beautiful champagne! "

We sat down, and I told him of the happenings in the house of the Goorksas.

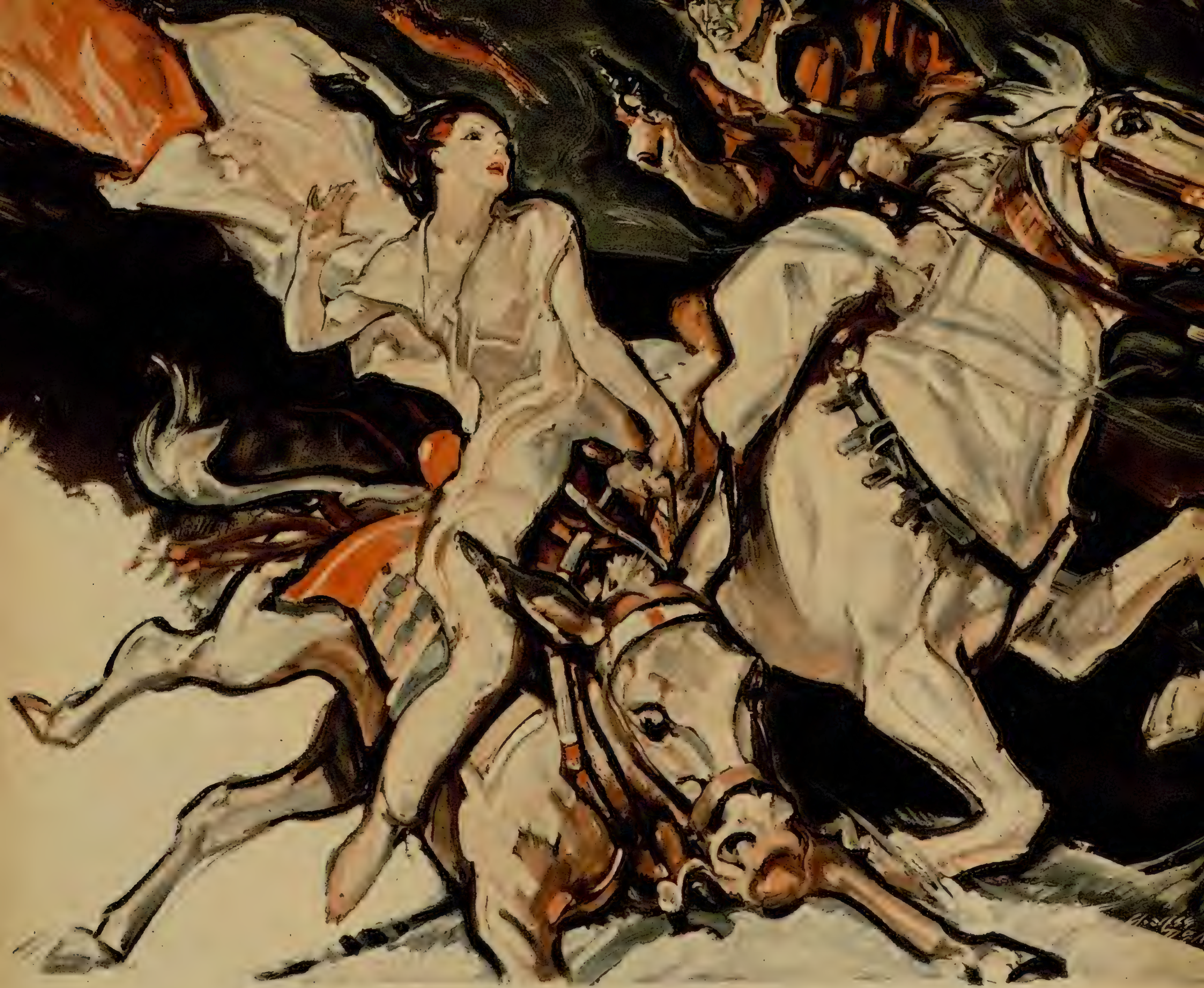
" 'Ave no worry, my fran'." He smacked his lips, much pleased with himself. " I am ze gran' diplomat. I talk wiz ze ras an' ze Negadrasse Illagorgis an' wiz Menelik. You will go zis night on ze trip to Beni Shongul an' all will blow over. Ze princess will forget. She 'ave ozer lovers. Zis slave girl will be safe. I will be papa to Joe an' his Escala, *hein?* You mus' call me ' papa '! "

Though I had little confidence in Louie's professed ability as a diplomat, I realized I could not do better than leave the affair in his hands and strike out for Beni Shongul under cover of darkness.

With the trader's aid I obtained a new supply of provisions and additional gear. Everything was packed except the tent, which we struck at nightfall.

The moon was just rising above the rim of the Entoto Hills when the little party got under way. We crossed the market place to the plain. Louie walked with us as far as the Karkee trail.

We stood there for a moment, hands clasped. I looked back at Addis Ababa. The little Frenchman faced the



unknown country into which I was bound. Almost wordlessly we parted.

The expedition reached the Karkee River at daybreak. We camped in a clump of bushes which seemed thick enough to hide us from any natives who might be traveling toward the city.

Late that afternoon I was wakened by Tafara, who pointed to a rift in the foliage.

" Look, geta! *Era bi Menelik!* "

I fumbled in my blankets for my revolver and crawled to the head boy's side. Two riders were passing down the trail toward the Karkee River ford.

One was the Princess Goorksa's overseer, Inga. The other—Escala Miriam!

I jumped to my feet, Tafara hanging to my arm and begging me not to show myself.

" It is some trick, geta! "

Shaking him off, I broke from cover and hailed the Can Yas Murch. He and the girl halted their horses, which I recognized as being two of the swiftest in the princess's stable.

There seemed to be but one explanation of their presence on the trail. Escala had been sold and the overseer was delivering her to her new owner—some filthy Galla, perhaps. I leveled my Colt at Inga.

The Can Yas Murch held up one hand, signaling that his intentions were peaceful, but Escala dismounted. Then, almost as she put foot on the ground, he grabbed the reins of her horse, whipped his own, and galloped off toward Addis Ababa.

The slave girl walked straight toward me. She smiled and held out her hands.

" You said you would take me, geta. Now I have come to you."

" Yes—yes." I struggled for words. " But where was the Can Yas Murch taking you? What has happened? "

" The Princess Goorksa has set me free," she exulted. " She said you loved me and would take me, so she sent Inga with me to find your camp. She said we were both white and would be happy together."

HER new-found freedom—if freedom it really were—showed in the movements of her body and the words she spoke, making her lovelier than ever.

All at once I knew that I felt for her something more than pity, a strange tenderness mixed with awe—not love, surely, though I had told her that I loved her.

" You do not want me, geta? You did not mean what you said? "

" I can't take you. We are going into an unexplored country. It will be a year before we return, if we return at all. The princess has sent you because she thinks you will die."

" That does not matter if you will let me go with you. I will be a porter for you. I will cook. I will eat only a little. And you may whip me."

I fought off an impulse to take her into my arms. " You must go back to Addis Ababa, child. Louie, the ferangi wine seller, will take care of you until I come back. I will take you to him myself."

But I knew that I would not intrust her to the care of a man who, however great his friendship might be, was a sodden wreck likely to go to pieces mentally and physically any day.

Escala had knelt and was clinging to my knees, pleading tearfully: " Do not send me back, geta. See, I am strong. I have traveled much in the Lake Tsana country—"

I lifted her to her feet, kissed her hands, forehead, lips. My boys had been standing around, Said with open mouth, Waldegorgis grinning, and Tafara looking much disturbed. While I still clasped her the head boy stepped up to me. " Geta, I must tell you something, even if you whip me for it."

" Go ahead," I said, little interested.

" The Princess Goorksa has sent Escala here because she wants to do you some harm. If Escala is still a slave and you take her away, the princess will have both of you thrown to the lions—the girl for running away, you for stealing her. That is the law."

I looked down into the girl's moist eyes. " Is that true, child? "

" That is true about the law. But I am not a slave. You have seen that the princess sent me here with her Can Yas Murch. She said she was doing it because she loved us and wanted us to be happy."

" Do not believe anything a Goorksa says! " Tafara exclaimed. " The princess is a panther crossed with the devil. She has some scheme afoot."

I waved him away, seeing in the princess's gesture only another of her freaks of fancy. She could be generous as well as cruel and revengeful, I knew.

" Tafara has spoken, geta," Waldegorgis said. " Will you listen to me? "

I had always counseled with my boys in problems of the trail. Very often their ideas had been better than my own.

" What is it? "

" This, geta: that if you take Escala and she travels with us you had better marry her," he said boldly. " It is plain that you love each other. If you are married in an Abyssinian church, how can the Princess Goorksa make trouble for you? Let us go to Zukala and see our friend Abuna Markossen. There will be a great feast after the wedding."

A feast, indeed! I had thought that the crafty rascal had more in mind than precaution and propriety. No doubt he remembered our reception at the monastery of Mount Zukala after the rescue of Abuna Markossen as one of the great events of his life.

I welcomed Waldegorgis's suggestion. Escala had given herself to me body and soul. I could do with her as I would. But a sense of decency forbade me to accept her affections when I could offer her nothing but the status of a native paramour.

THE Coptic religion of Abyssinia had degenerated, but it was Christian. The sanctity of its marriage rites had never been questioned.

" Shall I run ahead and tell the abuna that you are coming? " coaxed Waldegorgis.

" At once! " I commanded, and saw Tafara shake his head dolefully.

Waldegorgis was off at a Marathon pace and soon passed out of sight beyond the river.

" Geta, you are a good man." Escala snuggled closer to me.

It was late the next afternoon when we reached the village at the base of the sacred mountain. The shume of the district, leading all his escaris and most of the villagers, came out to receive us. Waldegorgis had spread the news of our approach hours before. Two ferangis were to be married by the abbot of Mount Zukala! *Era bi Menelik!*

The shume, whom I had met during my previous visit to the mountain, was very gracious, particularly after he saw my passport signed and sealed by the great Negus Negust. He insisted that Escala stay at his house that night so his wife and daughters could prepare her for the wedding ceremonies. Then, noting that she wore a calico chamma and plain burnoose, he sent runners in search of the finest garments in the town.

Knowing how little it took to make a holiday for the Abyssinians, I was not much surprised when, waking the next morning—it was the 2d of Hadar, Coptic time, or November 12 by the Gregorian calendar—I found the entire populace of Zukala astir.

Dawn was just beginning to outline the extinct volcano which held in its verdant crater the shrine and monastery of Zukala. Natives who passed me bowed stiffly from their waists, then pointed up to the summit and laughed.

I went to the house of the shume, hoping to see Escala, but was chased away by her secretive attendants. It was not fitting that bride and bridegroom should meet before the ceremony, I learned.

In accordance with another quaint custom, the shume started out with me for the monastery an hour before Escala was supposed to begin her ascent to the place of marriage. Exuberant youths of the village joined my party, yelling, beating drums, and firing guns. I was mounted, as Escala would be, on a white mule with ornate trappings of leather and metal.

The trip up the mountain took us through many villages. The result was that I arrived on the rim of the crater with four or five hundred followers, including three groups of musicians, each of which seemed bent on drowning out the noise of the others.

IN equal number and with even more hullabaloo the black monks sallied forth from their abbey to meet us. Only the highest members of the order conducted themselves with any show of dignity. The lay brothers, slaves, and novitiates not engaged in murderous assaults on tremendous drums blew bamboo trumpets or waved velvet banners and crosses. All were dancing.

In the midst of the din the Abuna Markossen walked out in front of us and seated himself on a camp stool. Instantly the clamor ceased.

I saw no hint of recognition in the cadaverous face of the abbot, though he had been extremely friendly after his rescue.

" Dismount and pay your respects to the abuna," the shume whispered.

Sliding off my mule, I approached the old man and saluted him. He placed a hand on my head and blessed me. A few of his monks filed past and received his benediction.

Then the abuna rose and said to me: " I welcome you, my son. I thank God that I can now repay you for my life by delivering you and your bride to each other forever."

He led the way toward the chapel, which was round and was composed, except for the roof, of a single volcanic rock. A few windows barred by Maltese crosses pierced the wall far up. Under them appeared inscriptions in hieroglyphics and grotesque figures of men and beasts.

Before a carved door that gave entrance the abuna halted us.

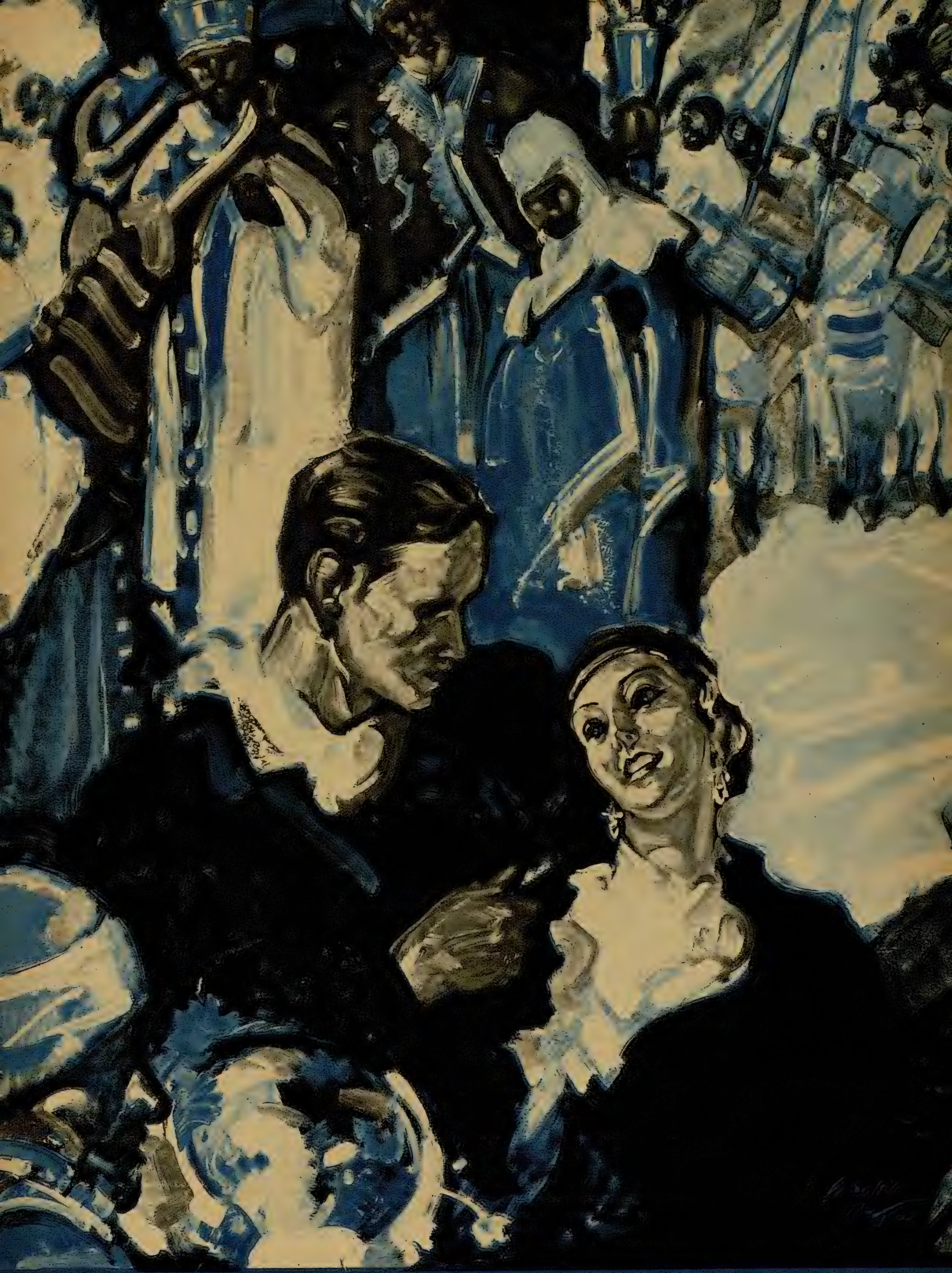
" None but a hermit priest of the faith has ever entered," he said. " But today the ferangi will be honored. Give your weapons to your servant, for even a priest would not dare pass this door armed."

I surrendered my revolver to Tafara. The door closed behind me, its jangle sharply reminding me that I was alone and unarmed in the very heart of a mysterious and almost inaccessible land.

A hideous dwarf materialized out of the gloom, bearing a slush lamp. With uneven gait and weaving body, he led us through tunnels and vaulted halls, odorous and lifeless as tombs. We passed through a second door and were received in the wholesome light of a courtyard by another dwarf, a twin of the first and like him a mute and a eunuch.

On a thatched veranda overhanging the court some forty or fifty acolytes were busy inscribing prayers and charms on strips of leather. Other lay brothers were trimming hides and tooling boxes for the scrolls.

Two priests in full regalia walked back and forth across the yard, chanting an endless prayer. Beyond them, fastened by iron collars and chains to ringbolts in the wall, four emaciated and naked men lolled on the filthy flagstones.



A SMALL FACE APPEARED. "GETA, IS IT ENDED? AM I YOURS?" "YOU ARE MINE," I SAID.

While I gazed at them in horror the dwarf who had admitted us gave a snarly bark and like an old baboon, with the tail of his breechclout dangling and long arms swinging at his sides, waddled over to the miserable creatures and deliberately kicked and shook each of them. One of the prisoners tried to rise. His tormentor snatched up a piece of half-tanned hide and belabored him furiously. All four moaned in rhythm with the blows.

"Why, in the name of the God you worship, are those poor captives tortured?" I cried to the abuna.

"That is their wish, my son," he said.

Reading disbelief in my face, he explained that the four were lay brothers of the order who sought to expiate their sins through suffering.

I had seen enough of the religious side show. My venerable guide moved off toward another tunnel and I followed with alacrity. Through the metal- and woodworking shops he led me, finally directing our tour to his own chambers.

The abbot's rooms were simply furnished, a bare bench serving as his bed. On the walls were a few religious pictures done in some inky compound. In one God was represented as a Negro sitting on a black throne amid dark clouds.

I questioned the abuna about the approaching marriage and the standing it would give us under Abyssinian law. I knew that the church ranked next to the Negus in power. To its father superiors the administration of most of the laws was intrusted. They sat in tribunals like the judges of ancient Israel, basing their decisions largely on the commandments of Moses.

Abuna Markossen listened attentively to my story of Escala's appearance at our camp at Karkee.

"God rewards you, my son!" he exclaimed. "As He permitted you to deliver my life to me, so He softened the heart of the Princess Goorksa and caused her to free her slave. God is great! *Era bi Menelik!*"

He officially sanctioned the marriage by giving me a seal of the order—a metal disk engraved with a cross and twelve Amharic hieroglyphs.

The abbot had arrayed himself in his finest vestments. His flowing robe was of silk, blood red and embroidered with spun gold. Scores of semiprecious stones were mounted on his snakeskin sandals. Over his ordinary headdress he wore a crown of gold and silver.

As we left his chambers and entered an assembly hall the lesser dignitaries of the order fell in behind us. The twin dwarfs, beating gourd drums, and the umbrella bearer came up to the head of the procession. The outer door opened, and then we were moving over a platform and down a long flight of steps behind the chapel.

A CORPS of native drummers waited at the bottom of the stairs, their black faces shining with grease. Each carried a deep-bodied metal drum.

Beyond them, on the banquet field, the men who had followed me up the mountain were gorging themselves as only Abyssinians can. Escala and a party of women waited on a field still farther removed.

The drums thundered, their beats quickening until they gave forth a continuous roll. We marched across the feasting ground. The natives, sitting in long rows, were devouring raw meat, cutting it from blood-warm chunks which slaves passed around and dipping it in *watt,* a condiment composed of rancid butter and red peppers. Between mouthfuls of flesh they guzzled *tej,* a honey beer, and arrack.

To show his affection for me further, the Abuna Markossen permitted me to sit beside him on a dais of natural rock covered with rugs and pillows. The umbrella bearer, fan wielders, and other attendants stood behind us.

The feasting continued until nothing was left to eat or drink. The drumming ceased only for the monastery bells to clash.

The abbot rose and led me to a knoll separating the men and women. A shume threw a black silk burnoose over my European clothes.

Abuna Markossen was holding up a gold icon in signal to the women. Escala came forward a few paces, then halted while her attendants dropped a black hood resembling a death cap over her head and tied it at the waist. I learned later that this was necessitated by a rule that no ecclesiastic might look on the face of a woman within the crater of Zukala.

The shume who attended me led the girl, thus trussed and blindfolded, to a point about six feet from the abuna. Then he turned both of us so our backs were toward each other.

The drums began once more, and the crowd, weaving and swinging arms, chanted in unison with the throbbing thunder. The urge of the rhythm was so great that I caught myself swaying to it.

Again the abbot held up his icon. Instantly all sound and movement stopped. Markossen then delivered an invocation in a loud voice. A roll of drums concluded it.

"Do you wish this woman for a mate, ferangi?" he asked, walking around to face me.

I answered, not knowing what I said until the afa, or mouthpiece of the abuna, repeated my words to the crowd. The drummers responded. Escala was questioned, and answered from the folds of her hood in a trembling voice.

"Then, in the name of God," cried the abbot, raising his arms—an action in which the whole crowd joined—"you shall be one!"

WITH that the long-dead volcano seemed to erupt. Hammering their metal cylinders like madmen, the drummers filled the crater with a jarring roar. The crowd boiled around the knoll, howling, leaping, whirling.

The abuna blessed me, received a farewell salutation, and led his glittering retinue back along the path to the chapel. At the same time the escaris of the shume of Zukala stormed forward and surrounded Escala and me. With a great show of gallantry, each soldier threw off his burnoose and extended it on his spear.

One of the women started to unfasten the black hood in which Escala was still bundled. I shoved her aside, broke the cords and rent the cloth. A small face appeared, very white but smiling.

"Geta, is it ended? Am I yours?"

"You are mine," I said almost fiercely, and pressed her against my body. My blood pulsed with the drumbeats. I wanted to whoop and stamp my feet.

The shume and his men escorted us down to the village of Zukala, and that night there was another festival, with the natives driving the devils out of the bridal hut by beating on the roof, carrying fire inside, and spear-dancing at the door.

We remained two days, picking up an extra mule and additional supplies. Then we set out on our honeymoon, which, having the unknown land of the Black Arabs as its destination, promised to be as fantastic as our marriage.

The weather was ideal and we made good time as far as Ambo, one of the best of Abyssinia's numerous spas. We rested there the greater part of a week, bathing in hot springs.

Escala, a born horsewoman and traveler, was enjoying the trek. Her naïveté, her courage in the face of dangers, that multiplied as we put the charted trails behind us, and her willingness to assume a man's share of the work and hardship drew us closer together than ever.

Often I told myself that if I found no gold in Beni Shongul the trek would still make me rich. Nowhere else than on such a journey as we were making could I have learned to know and love Escala so well.

We had moments when it seemed we were in an earthly paradise. But Abyssinia, strange, beautiful, and cruel, always mocked us. For every verdant valley there was an appalling lava bed. And whenever we had reached the ultimate of happiness some horror unfolded itself before our eyes—a slave gang passing, a man dying under the alunga, an old woman left to the hyenas by a tribe that had found her a burden.

Pressing westward through Dirk and the soda-springs district, we forded the Wamo River and were ferried across the Diddosa by a Galla shume. At Gore we were entertained by the ras who had once tried to buy Escala from the Princess Goorksa. He did not appear to recognize her.

Ten days later we reached Kidama, where the Dejasmatch Juti received us magnificently, my pass from Menelik being an open sesame to stores of food and fodder anywhere in the provinces.

I had found a small deposit of free gold in the Birbir River and had seen gold-bearing quartz elsewhere. Now I panned every stream in our path as we worked north-northeast through Wabera and Baso.

The terrain dropped rapidly and the temperature rose proportionately. Beyond Baso the weather was actually tropical, even though the winter season had started. Butterflies hung in the air in pink and yellow clouds. This side of Yeaar we had almost to cut our way through a bamboo forest.

In open country once more, I consulted such maps as Louie had been able to obtain for me, and found that we were within a day's trek of Beni Shongul. The district in which we now traveled was ruled by the Sheik Abis Embir, domiciled in Yeaar when not plundering his neighbors' camps and villages.

Unfortunately for us, the brigand was at home with a sick wife—one of twenty he had stolen—when we reached his town. Disregarding my pass from Menelik, he refused us food and threatened to rob us of our animals. I found a small grass snake, harmless but much feared by Abyssinians—reptiles being few—and by a sleight-of-hand performance made it appear that I drew it from the sick woman's mouth. She felt better at once, and the sheik, convinced that I was a powerful witch doctor, let us continue on our way with two of his men acting as guides.

Dismissing the Arabs at the Wansa River, I did a little prospecting. Gold-bearing quartz was present in great quantities. The gravel held nothing.

We turned due north toward the Seama River. The altitude was still low, the temperature high, and the ground a slightly rolling plain. A rank growth of weeds stretched as far as we could see ahead. The stuff stood fully six feet high and was dry as tinder.

FOR two hours we shoved through the growth, suffering intensely as the dust got into our eyes and nostrils and irritated our skin. I had been hoping for a wind. Now a gust whipped out of the south. Before I could remark on the welcome change I smelled smoke.

I had seen fires on the South African veldt and knew the danger. Riding to a rise in the ground, I stood up in my saddle. Behind us great banks of smoke hung close to the ground. In all probability the Arab guides, hating and fearing me, had crossed the Wansa and touched off the grass.

Our one chance of escape seemed to lie in reaching the Seama, fully five miles ahead. And it might be too narrow and shallow to stop the fire or give us any protection.

Back-firing was impracticable. The grass was almost explosively inflammable, the wind uncertain, and the path we followed only shoulder-wide.

I urged the party forward, letting Escala take the lead on her mule while I helped the boys whip the heavily burdened pack animals into a trot.

A quick glance back, taken as I rode standing, showed me that the fire was spreading to right and left, if not gaining. The flames were visible now.

The animals needed no further urging to run. The smell of the smoke grew stronger and the stiffening wind brought a fall of lacy ashes. Then the smoke came, thickening each minute. We began to feel the heat.

I TOOK another look and knew we were running a losing race. The fire had advanced almost to the knoll from which I had first observed it.

I decided to risk starting a back fire, which at worst could only bring us to the end a little more quickly. By beating down a patch and wetting it from our canteens, we might be able to hold out until a fire running ahead of us cleared a space.

Yelling an order to halt, I galloped up behind the pack animals. Not one of them could be stopped. They had stampeded, Escala's mule with them. But she was hanging on as though strapped to her saddle.

The heat had become terrific. In place of ashes the smoke clouds now rained sparks.

In fierce draft-drawn eddies the air whipped around us, roaring.

My face felt blistered, my lungs seared. I was strangling, losing my sight, roasting! Sweat, streaming from every pore in my body, dried and caked with the dust and soot.

I spurred my horse into a last effort and lost control of him. He carried me by the pack animals which the desperate boys were trying to ride. Then some freakish twist of wind lifted the smoke and I had an instant of comparatively clear vision. Escala, still clinging to her mule, was far ahead.

On left and right the flames were leading us. Our maddened animals took us over a hillock and I glimpsed a red glow in front. It brightened and spread. The fire had encircled us.

Escala's mount, frightened by the new menace or nearly spent, slackened its speed. Now we were galloping flank to flank. I had drawn my revolver. Any death seemed preferable to what faced us. I leaned over and held the muzzle of the gun close to her ear.

How Dixon and Escala were saved as by a veritable miracle from this fiery furnace; how they reached Beni Shongul, land of gold and precious stones; and how, after a grueling struggle across a desert, they stumbled upon the accursed Mountain of Gold itself, will appear—with Dixon's map and diagram, made on the scene at the time—in next week's installment of Marriage Drums.

FREE advice to Brides!

"HERE'S a way to avoid getting into hot water with your husband. Most husband troubles, like most hot water troubles, are caused by faulty pipes.

"The symptoms of a faulty pipe are black clouds of foul-smelling smoke spreading through the new home like tidal waves.

"No need of it, girls. Get your husband started on Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe, and you'll never have anything but happiness. Neither will he. For this tobacco is a mild, satisfying mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys that delights both sexes. I bring it to you *fresh*, wrapped in gold foil. Here's a book I've written about keeping a pipe. I might have called it, 'How to Keep a Husband.' It's valuable, and it's free to brides (and everyone else)."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-36

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Tex O'Reilly Wakes ECHOES

Some Long-Lost Comrades' Responses to His Own Story in Liberty

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

As an aftermath to my story of thirty-five years of wandering as told to Lowell Thomas for Liberty, I have been deluged by a flood of letters from old and new friends. I have been delighted to hear from old comrades I have lost touch with for half a lifetime, from their children—and even their grandchildren!

Tex O'Reilly hard at work answering mail from old and new friends who read his story, Born to Raise Hell.

The refrain of most of these letters, especially from the old-timers of Spanish and Philippine war days, has been, "That's right, that happened; I was there." There have been some critics, usually because their own outfits were not mentioned. I did not attempt to write a full history of those half-forgotten wars.

I was mighty glad to hear from you all, critics as well as friends. Every old soldier has a right to kick, and every battle and campaign will be argued to doomsday. That's why they keep policemen in the old veterans' homes. Even the generals disagree.

The story is finished, and to all the old comrades who hiked and fought with me around the world I send a hail of grateful remembrance. You were one of us.

To the new friends whom I have met in the columns of Liberty I want to record my appreciation. May you have good hiking down a smooth trail until you arrive at that garrison where all are bound.

Hasta la vista, amigos!

Before taking up some of these new letters, here is an old document that speaks for itself:

Santa Maria, P. I., June 1, 1900.

This is to certify that Private E. S. O'Reilly was with the native scouts when I took command. He is an excellent soldier, a man who can be trusted in any matter.

CAPTAIN JOHN R. GREEN, *33rd U. S. Volunteers,*
Commanding Native Scouts.

DEAR TEX: I was nearly dumfounded the other day when I picked up my current issue of Liberty and started to read your article, and I was sure you were the same old long-legged boy I soldiered with in the Islands. I was wounded in the night attack on Imus on November 25, 1899. During the World War I was badly wounded at Montfaucon by shellfire, was shot six times in my legs, once in the right foot, once in the left cheek, once in the neck, and once in the left hand. It's a long time since we served as kid soldiers together in old Company B of the Fourth Infantry.

COL. GEORGE M. DUNCAN, *Miami, Florida.*

This is from Pancho Villa's lawyer:

MY DEAR TEX: Please don't infer that I give a damn about where you are or anything else; but, after all, we fit, bled, and died together for Pancho Villa, Francisco Madero, Pascual Orozco, *et al.*, so I would like to hear from you—that is if you have learned to write.

It looks as if you told Lowell Thomas a lie about your being Irish. I can prove that you are a darn' Mexican, and the old trouble with Mexico is that there are entirely too many Mexicans there—people of your kind.

GUNTHER R. LESSING,
Los Angeles, Calif.

On reading Liberty I was pleased to learn that by some miracle you are still alive. Do you remember when we fought in the Madero Rebellion in 1911? Recall that day when you and I "confiscated" a train in the sacred cause of land and liberty?

J. G. ADAMS, *Portland, Ore.*

I am a reader of Liberty and have followed with intense interest the narrative of your war adventures. During the twenty years I spent in foreign countries I took part in three African conflicts, including the Boer War, in which, as a captain, I commanded American contingents of volunteers who fought on the Boer side. You mention going to Venezuela to join up with Matos. About the same time John Norton King, who was my orderly during the Boer War, is reported to have gone to Venezuela and joined Castro as a machine gunner. Neither his folks nor anyone else have heard from him since then.

JOHN A. HASSELL,
Consulting Mining Engineer,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Answer: There was a man named King with Castro in 1904. As he was on the opposite side from me, we did not meet—that is socially. I heard that this same King was badly wounded in Nicaragua in 1906.

DEAR OLD COMRADE: I was with you in Cuba in '98 and was in Fort Sheridan when you re-upped in the B Company of the Fourth Infantry. I remember when you stole a chicken. You and Lansing ate the chicken and left Sergeant Pete Baxter the bones.

W. H. BALL, *Walnut Park, Calif.*

Would you ask Mr. O'Reilly to verify Lieutenant Kilbourne's fixing the telegraph lines at Imus and sending a message without instruments. He tells it exactly like it happened on October 2, 1899. It was performed by my uncle, First Class Private David P. Flannery, Company E, Signal Corps. For that service he received a Certificate of Merit. Lieutenant Kilbourne, whom O'Reilly mentions, received a Medal of Honor for bravery at the battle of Paco. I refer you to the report of Lieutenant Knabenshue, Fourth U. S. Infantry, Commanding Scouts.

MRS. ANNE O'ROURKE, *Far Rockaway, N. Y.*

Answer: My mistake. It was Flannery. Lieutenant Kilbourne was reported to have sent the message. I was there with Lieutenant Knabenshue's scouts. I remember your uncle well.

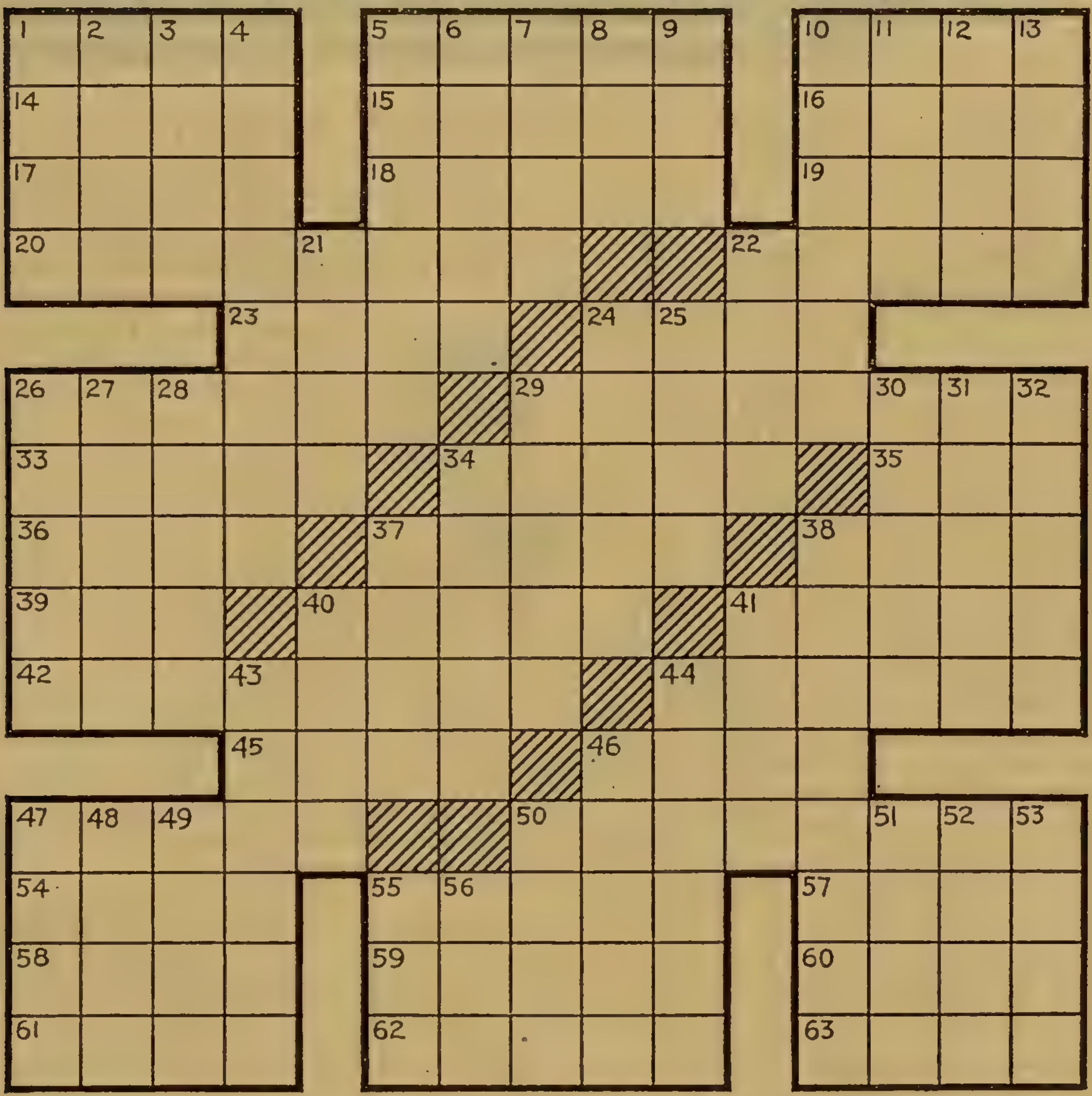
As a reader of Liberty Magazine I can say that the story of Tex E. S. O'Reilly is true, as I was a comrade of his in '98. Tex O'Reilly was one of the bravest of soldiers, never cross nor grumbling.

ADOLPH O. ELSNER, *San Antonio, Texas.*

Answer: Thanks, old-timer. You were a darn' good soldier yourself. You were top sergeant of my machine-gun company at the end of the World War.

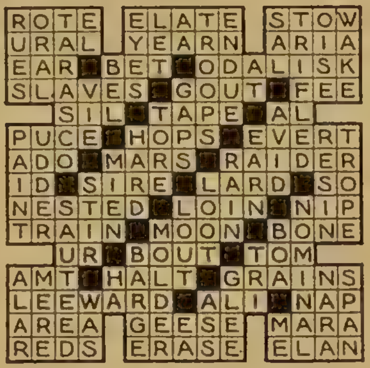
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Free from defect
5 Rants
10 To strike smartly
14 The pen name of Charles Lamb
15 Old-womanish
16 Prong
17 Transported with delight
18 Of or pertaining to hair
19 To be bombastic in talk
20 Writer of certain literary compositions
22 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
23 To augur
24 Projecting upper part of a hill
26 Approaches game stealthily
29 Baseness
33 Cardinal number
34 Lachrymose
35 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
36 A god of love
37 A free servant (Old English history)
38 Crushed or trampled, as under foot
39 A species of dog (diminutive)
40 Small nails
41 A province in Tuscany, Italy
42 Kind of birds
44 Guard
45 Cereal grains
46 To mark with stripes
47 Comb of a cock
50 Interfered with


ROTE ELATE STOW
URAL YEARN ARIA
EAR■BET■ODALISK
SLAVES■GOUT■FEE
SIL■TAPE■AL
PUCE■HOPS■EVERT
ADO■MARS■RAIDER
ID■SIRE■LARD■SO
NESTED■LOIN■NIP
TRAIN■MOON■BONE
UR■BOUT■TOM
AMT■HALT■GRAINS
LEEWARD■ALI■NAP
AREA GEESE MARA
REDS ERASE ELAN

Answer to last week's puzzle

54 Went horseback
55 To tolerate
57 To flow slowly through interstices
58 Declare positively
59 Island in the Philippine group
60 Greater in number
61 Cysts
62 Part of the leg (plural)
63 Child of Shem

VERTICAL

1 Now
2 Exclamation of lament
3 The edge of a hollow vessel (plural)
4 Food
5 The swiftly moving part of a river
6 Seeds of an apiaceous plant
7 Golden yellow
8 Highest note in Guido's scale
9 East Indian unit of weight
10 Scattered
11 Prevaricator
12 Woman's name
13 Indulges
21 To join
22 Rabbit
24 Edible seeds
25 Unusual
26 Stages in a flight of stairs
27 Hurl
28 Fragrance
29 Meadows
30 Supplied with earlike appendages
31 Rock
32 Type of automobile
34 Becomes fluid or semifluid
37 Jog
38 Tending to bore one
40 Utter raucously or inconsiderately
41 Auction
43 Unsuccessful contestants
44 Australian horse (plural)
46 Deity in Teutonic mythology
47 Crop of a bird
48 Draw out and twist slightly (textiles)
49 Paradise
50 The smith in Wagner's group of The Ring of the Nibelungs
51 Instrument of a handicraftsman
52 A book of the Old Testament
53 Consider
55 Stupid fellow
56 An exclamation of contempt

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—In southwestern New Hampshire.
2—A literary man.
3—A Roman goddess of plenty and fertility, the wife of Saturn.
4—An early people who inhabited Italy north of the Tiber.
5—To your health.
6—The British.
7—From the Indian "Manito-Wabo," meaning "narrows of the Great Spirit," from wind rushing through the narrows.
8—A Scotch merchant who immigrated to Canada and left land and money for the founding of a college which is now known as McGill University.
9—In London, in 1844, by George Williams, a dry-goods clerk.
10—The livers of geese.
11—Alexandre Dumas, the elder, in the Vicomte de Bragelonne.
12—The Russian name for level, treeless plains in the arctic regions.
13—An alloy whose average composition is 95 per cent aluminum, the remainder being copper, magnesium, and manganese.
14—The cat, described in Sanskrit writings of 2000 B. C.
15—A creditor who has security or collateral, in the form of personal or real property, for a sum due him from the debtor.
16—Robert Mills.
17—In honor of Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.
18—A nomadic Mongol race who inhabit parts of China and Russia.
19—The line of emperors who ruled Germany from 1138 to 1254.
20—Rome.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

(See page 23)

No matter how well you care for your teeth at home, they should be professionally cleaned and examined at regular intervals. Your dentist will tell you how often this is necessary. Between visits, Squibb Dental Cream scientifically supplements the dentist's expert care.

The 5-way effectiveness of Squibb's is the result of a scientifically balanced formula. Its purity and safety are guarded with the same thorough care that has contributed to the reliability of Squibb Products for 75 years. Put this master dentifrice on guard over your teeth today.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

NOW—
a new size at 25c
to meet a growing demand
—in addition to the over-size tube at 40c

When your dentist advises sodium perborate, ask for Squibb Oral Perborate, pure, effective, and more pleasant-tasting than the unflavored product. A novel double cap on the handy bottle aids in measuring the amount to be used.

U.S.
MAIL
Paderewski

VOX

The Contest Editor Says He Prefers Sweet Lavender

TUCSON, ARIZ.—I entered your recently ended "Dinky" contest with several entries. I took a pool among my meanest enemies and they, including the fellow in the other corner of the triangle, admitted the superiority of my bits of poetic genius.

Just how do you choose your winners? Do the fortunate ones have the nicest handwriting or the nicest colored envelopes? Or does the editor award prizes on the best grades of perfumes in the letters? Come on, tell us the secret; we want to know.

I probably have the right connection between the name of your magazine and your dubious machinations. You take the liberty of taking too much liberty in not giving 'em all a fair break.—*Russell Hansen.*

We Never Disappoint the Cash Customers

DECATUR, ALA. — We probably shouldn't tell you this, but Liberty has, after many years, really given us a new deal—and at last we have drawn a perfect hand.

Several months back a letter appeared in your pages, signed Two Alabamians, asking if you would under any circumstances consider a story by Octavus Roy Cohen.

We kept our eyes open and watched and, lo and behold, first thing we knew you announced the beginning of Scarlet Woman by the author himself, and so far it bids fair to be his greatest story—though it will have to be extraordinary, because every bit of fiction we have read by him has been excellent. In our opinion it is going to beat The Woman Accused by ten city blocks.—*Preuit Lane and Mary Spence.*

You Doubting Thomases Read This and Weep

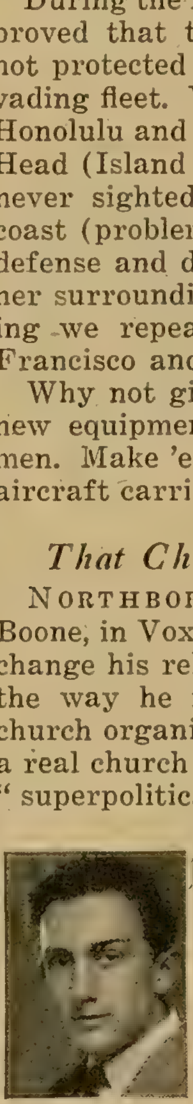
U. S. S. SARATOGA—In reference to Captain Myron B. Goldsmith's article in Liberty of May 6, I wish to confirm his statement. I am aboard the U. S. S. Saratoga, a ship of interest to all countries with whom a war might take place. It has been noticed by all hands that while we are having maneuvers a Japanese oil tanker or a ship flying no colors has followed us. I have learned through friends who have spent time in the Asiatic station that our "Chinese" fleet would be practically worthless if war was declared on us from the east.

During the maneuvers this year it was proved that the Hawaiian Islands are not protected enough to hold off an invading fleet. We theoretically destroyed Honolulu and the army fort on Diamond Head (Island of Oahu) and the ship was never sighted. On our return to this coast (problem fourteen) we evaded the defense and destroyed Los Angeles and her surrounding cities. The next morning we repeated the invasion on San Francisco and were successful.

Why not give us a break? We need new equipment, more ships, and more men. Make 'em heavy-type cruisers and aircraft carriers.—*K.*

That Church-Taxation Idea

NORTHBORO, MASS.—Mr. Charles Boone, in Vox Pop of May 13, had better change his religious affiliations if that's the way he feels about churches and church organizations. If he belonged to a real church he wouldn't be calling it a "superpolitical organization," open to high taxation. Personally I am a Roman Catholic and can say that my church has nothing to do with politics.



Adolph J. Goodnow

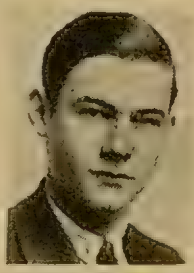
The Roman Catholic Church belongs decidedly to the masses—not to the classes; and to show no prejudice I will say that this can be true of any religious organization if it can give the spiritual satisfaction desired through better than half-baked sermons and services. There are too many clergymen and churchgoers who don't know what their particular religion is all about. This is what is responsible for men like Mr. Charles Boone.—*Adolph J. Goodnow.*

O'Reilly's Original Copy Gave Credit to "Captain McCalla"

LEONIA, N. J.—In Born to Raise Hell, Tex O'Reilly states that in the Boxer trouble the sea forces were under the British Admiral Seymour and Commodore McCullough of the American navy. This is a mistake; the American bluejackets were under the command of Captain Bowman H. McCalla, then in command of the cruiser Newark. The American navy has had no commodores on the active list since 1899.—*Walter Ball, Commander, U. S. N., Retired.*

Walter Looks Like a Nice Boy, Too

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have read Liberty, off and on, for the past five years. Your fiction is terrible. Your vigorous articles, though, are splendid. You succeed admirably in presenting to the American mob such weighty subjects as war preparedness, stunt flying, sword swallowing, political graft, the veteran racket, and various other food for argument. The Vox Pop department is to me the most interesting, as it affords opportunity for psychological studies. Is it not amusing to note a gentle-faced lad advocating war between nations, and again a hard-appearing old mug extolling the delights of some effeminate salad?—*Walter J. Shank.*



Walter J. Shank

You Better Hunt Cover, Sparks

U. S. S. ARKANSAS—After your Liberty of March 18 went the usual rounds of the ship and finally landed down in the radio shack, I feel a protest arising from Leather-from-the-neck-up's musical item referring to navy humor. There being three hundred leathernecks aboard this ship, and after looking them over from all angles for over a year, I heartily disagree with the man who said ignorance is bliss. It's agony, to sturdy men-of-war's men.—*Radio Gadget.*

Hitler Wouldn't Like This, Eddie

MEADVILLE, PA.—We salesmen often are forced to spend week-ends in towns where they pull the sidewalks in at 9 P. M. and I've often massacred a Sunday with your favorite magazine. But your story in the issue of May 6 cut it dead. Two Fights a Year takes the cake. It was nothing short of being pediculous—in the jargon of the gutter—and to you plain lousy! And as to the Crown Prince's story, The Truth About My Life, I'd like to ask just one question: Who cares?—*Eddie Levine.*

MAIN ST.
Liberty

POP

VOX POP EDITOR
U.S.

The "Sea Devil" Cheers While from Canada Comes the Jolly Old Razzberry

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is with great interest I have read the recent articles in Liberty by the German Crown Prince. Personally I know him very well; he is a close friend of mine, and knowing him as well as I do, I must admire him. In wartime the opposite side is always bad, but now, when the war is over, we should give credit where credit is due.

The Crown Prince was better liked by his men than any other German army leader during the late war. He visited his soldiers in the fighting line and trenches every day and cared for their needs, as he always cared for his prisoners and made sure they were properly supplied and clothed. Every time he visited the soldiers and the prisoners he always distributed cigarettes and tobacco in large quantities at his own expense.

And he never forgot his men. Even today the Crown Prince personally is the godfather to every baby whose father was a soldier in his old army. The Crown Prince is a man of highest character with a real backbone, and his foothold was always stronger on the plain planks than on the parquet floors.

Destructive criticism frequently originates from people who lack the proper information.

As a soldier as well as a sailor in the old imperial navy, I know the man I have spoken to you about; my words are no fairy tales—they are facts.—*Felix Count Luckner.*

PRELATE, SASK.—Have just read the harrowing details of his narrow escape from death as told by the Crown Prince. My God, the man might have been killed, as also might have King George. One can see in the official Canadian war records some photographs of the king in the forward area.

One can visualize the prince nonchalantly lighting a cigarette and striking an attitude, with the challenging remark, "Shoot if you must this damphool head."

Shades of Barbara Frietchie!—*Forty-five Months in France.*

MONTREAL, CAN.—Why has this American-Canadian magazine started printing German sob stories—to win our sympathy?

To hell with the Crown Prince and his damned apologies! Give us our own writers.

I was stuck in a German prison camp for fourteen months, and if all German officers are like the ones who shouted me around, then hell, I hope they start another war!

I'll pay my own car fare to get there. —*Charles E. Banton.*

Thank You, John

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Allow me to congratulate you on your issue of May 13. The La Guardia, Hitler, and Marie Dressler articles are standouts. Please give us more of La Guardia. I dare say this is the most interesting article and more appreciated than any that has appeared in a magazine in years. In fact, the whole issue is sparkling.—*John Fay.*

One of the Princess's Public

Miss Winifred Barbour

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Again I will make a forceful attempt to crash the mighty pages of Vox Pop. This time I come with an appeal.

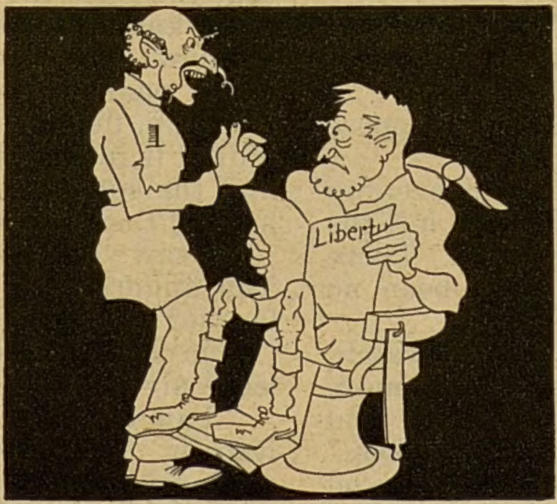
The plea is that I want to see a picture of Princess Alexandra Kropotkin on the page To the Ladies! Instead of having a photo of some person and a lot of talk about her, why not have a picture of the princess and a nice little story about her? You know we public do read that page.—*Winifred Barbour.*

Faint Brays

PANAMA CITY, R. P.—Allow me, a reader of your so-called magazine, to offer my congratulations. You are the most exalted, with one exception, of all the gallant order of the Sons of Wild Jackasses that it has been my pleasure to observe. The writers to Vox Pop alone have you one up. Again, congratulations! And you may count me in with the donkeys.—*Ruby.*

What Will the Scotch Do Next?

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Not a cash customer; just picked up Liberty while waiting to be sheared. Being Scotch I hate to see good print going to waste, so I am going to make good use of it. Now here's the trick: I can save about six bits if you will say hello to all my friends back in Cleveland, Ohio, for me. Thanks. I'll be seeing you in the barber's shop about a fortnight from now. Would send you my picture, only it costs a dime to have it taken.—*Sir James I.*



Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

JUNE 17, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 24

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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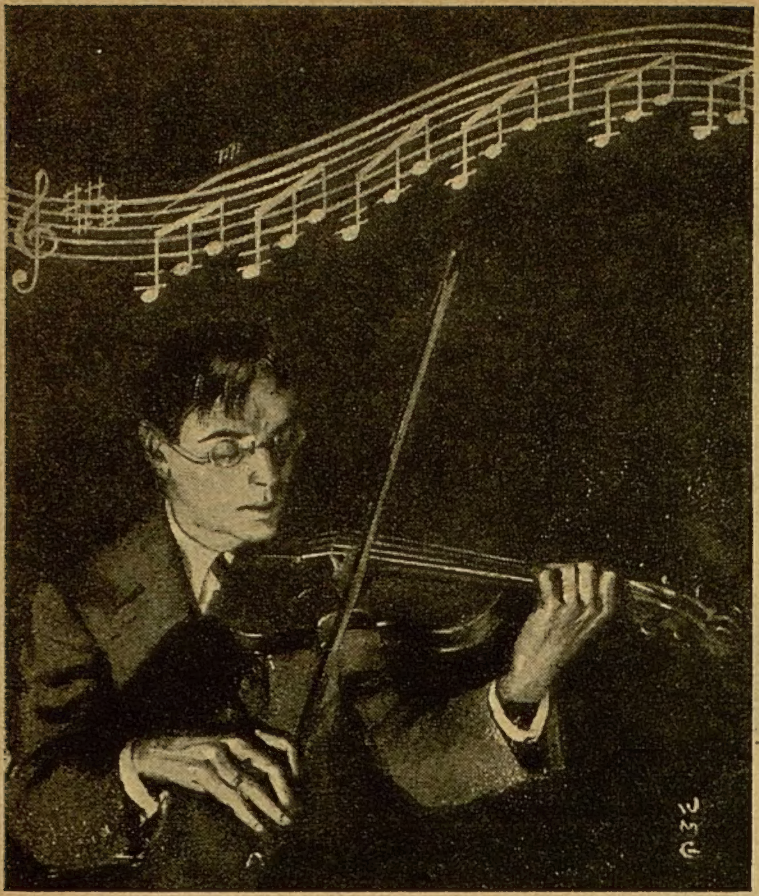


The STOLEN STRAD

A Short Short Story

By RAY CUMMINGS

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

MELVIN CONE, consulting criminologist, called upon Dimitrio Volan at four o'clock in the afternoon. Volan's valuable Stradivarius violin had been stolen. It was adequately insured; and the insurance company had enlisted Cone's services. In his time Volan had been a great concert violinist, but he was *passé* now. Cone found him a romantic figure; tall, erect.

He led Cone at once into his studio on the lower floor of the faded brownstone residence. It was a large dim mahogany-paneled apartment. In a corner by the draped windows was a grand piano, its top littered with music scores, a violin, two bows, and two violin cases. Old prints of masters of music were ranged over a fireplace which was now sealed by bricks. In a glass-front cabinet were a score of small old-fashioned musical contrivances, and beside the cabinet was an ornate lacquered instrument decrepit with age, so that its lacquer was like scales upon it—a spinet.

Volan said, " Sit down, sir."

The old virtuoso was plainly harassed.

" We have searched all the house," he said, following Cone's glance at the doorway. " Go back, Ramón. This gentleman has no wish for disturbance."

" Have him come in," Cone said quietly.

Ramón Beltrán, old Volan's protégé, entered. He was a dark, romantic youth still in his teens.

" Ramón Beltrán? " Cone said. " Why, you are to play tonight at Town Hall."

" His début," Volan said. " He was to use my Stradivarius. He should be practicing."

" But you must not worry, *padre*." Young Beltrán smiled and put an arm affectionately around the old man's shoulders. " I shall use the high-arch Amati."

" Won't keep you long," Cone said. " Now suppose you tell me just what happened."

It was simple enough. Until late the previous evening Volan and Ramón had been practicing. They had left the Strad on the piano; had missed it this morning. There was no evidence of burglary; and there had been no visitors.

Cone sat through a moment of silence, covertly watching them—their hands. One may sometimes learn more from a hand than from a face. " I just feel," he said suddenly, " that the violin may still be here in this room."

The piano rack held a folio of Beethoven which stood open at the famous Moonlight Sonata. As Cone gazed at it he was struck with a sudden idea. He said, " I am very fond of that sonata. Play it for me now, will you? "

One in the haste of hiding a violin would not be very apt to stop and untune it!

" We played it last evening," Ramón said. His glance turned to Cone. " You really want me to play for you? "

" I do indeed," Cone smiled. " But I won't sit still, if you don't mind. I'll just walk quietly around. Music—sometimes—affects me that way."

Old Volan said vaguely, " The insurance company—"

Cone said, " I will do my best. But first the sonata."

" I accompany him a little," Volan said; and Ramón smilingly shrugged as he plucked his strings.

The Moonlight Sonata. Cone was listening. Strange music lover indeed who could not sit, but must prowl the room with his ear bent, now to the sealed fireplace, now to a heavy padded chair; and now at the spinet, listening with an ear to the lacquered case. And he heard something—some restless spirit lying hidden here. It was the missing Stradivarius whose tuned G string was vibrating in unison with the insistent, reiterated note from the violin of Ramón.

The shocked music ceased at Cone's voice as he straightened: " The Strad is here." He thumped the base of the keyboard and the crumbling lacquer fell in tiny flakes.

He gazed at the staring old man. He said: " Suppose you show us the spring, so we can slide the panel. There must be one. I'm afraid you can't collect any insurance."

But the old man was staring blankly into Cone's smile. He said: " But I did not know—that present just a week ago from the directors of the Conservatoire to Ramón—I never guessed—"

" But of course you didn't," Cone said gently. " Show us, Ramón."

Ramón raised his sullen eyes from Cone's feet.

THE old man said, " Ramón—oh, Ramón, why would you do this thing? " And the young man's sullenness flared. " You are too old for this poverty! What am I and my début tonight but an expense to you? An old man, once so great, should not be poor like this. I wanted that you have the insurance."

He knelt, trembling, at the spinet. " You can arrest me now—I do not care." He slid, after a moment, an under panel and drew forth the Stradivarius. And he stood up, flushed and sullen. He said: " I was excited, hiding it in the night. I had to scrape with my nails to find the spring. I was afraid I would be caught." He handed the timeworn instrument to Cone.

" I saw your hands," Cone said. " So much fumbling. The fingers of a musician seldom have red and green lacquer under the nails."

The old man cried, " I will not let you arrest him! You leave my house! "

" I am going," Cone said. " You will soon make money, Ramón. He won't be poor much longer."

He laid the Strad on the piano top. His hand rested on Ramón's shoulder, shook it a little, and then left it. He said, " Don't ever be tempted like that again, will you? "

He picked up his hat from the piano top. At the door of the room he said: " I will hear the Strad played by a new master tonight! I won't walk around. I'll sit very still, listening."

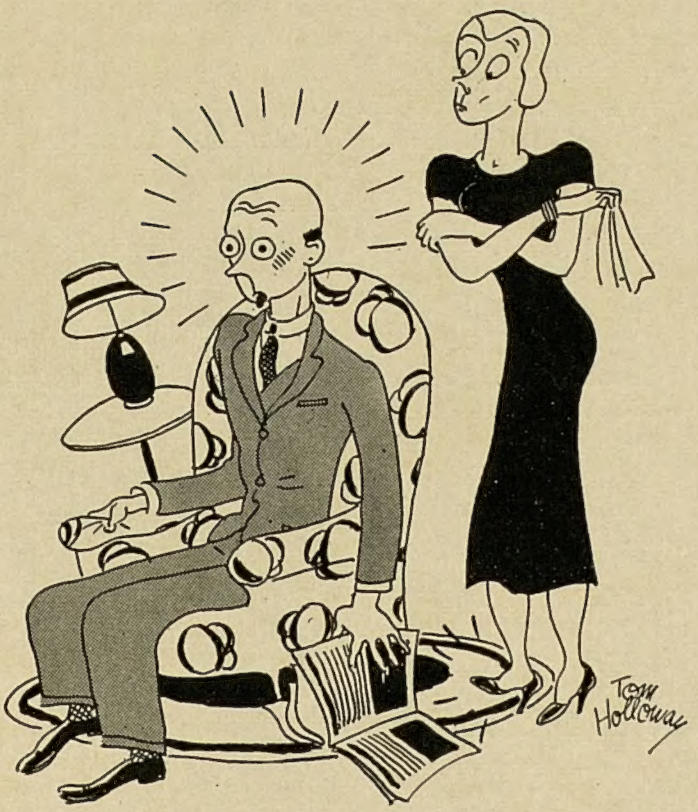
THE END

Imagine His Embarrassment!

AND WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE

$250
IN CASH AWARDS

For the Winning Phony Excuses!



THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$50
SECOND PRIZE
$25
THIRD PRIZE
$15
FOURTH PRIZE
$10
TEN PRIZES, EACH
$5
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH
$2

Of course this is just a hypothetical case. But put yourself in our unfortunate friend's place. How would you complete the excuse he has found it necessary to begin? Would you try to laugh it off? Or would you endeavor to offer a dignified explanation which might prove funnier in the end than an attempt at humor?

Liberty has no intention of collecting a handbook of evasions or of offering first aid to the misunderstood. But it does believe that you will find entertainment in completing this phony excuse and competing for one of the worth-while cash prizes which will be paid for the best entries submitted in accordance with the rules. Here is the beginning of the excuse:

No, my dear, this is not lipstick on my handkerchief. You see—

Now you finish it. Paragraph four of the rules explains the mood required to get into the prize money. The other brief instructions explain how, when, and where to send your entry. Comply with these instructions and your chance to win the first prize of $50 cash is excellent. Or, if you just miss that, you may win the $25 second prize, or one of the more than threescore other cash awards. By all means try your hand at completing this week's excuse. Your entry will be welcomed.

Please be sure that your name and full address appear plainly on your entry so that in the event you are awarded a prize there will be no difficulty in the transmission of the prize check.

You will find the announcement of the winners of the April 29 Cover Title Contest on a preceding page in this issue.

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Complete the Phony Excuse begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

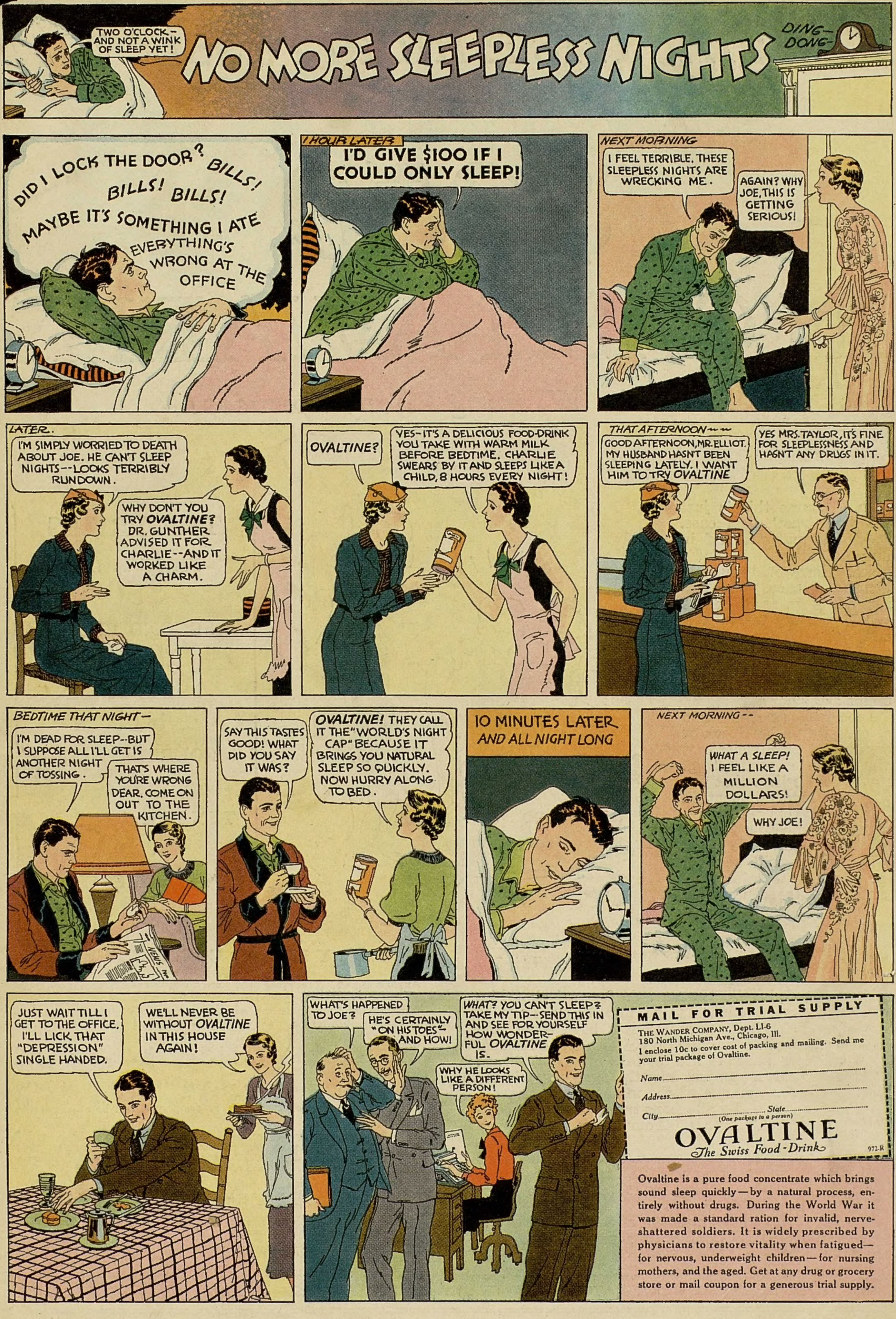
In order of their excellence on this basis prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows. First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, June 26.

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN A SHARE OF $250 IN CASH PRIZES. DON'T NEGLECT IT.


TWO O'CLOCK–AND NOT A WINK OF SLEEP YET!
NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
DING-DONG-
DID I LOCK THE DOOR? BILLS! BILLS! BILLS! MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING I ATE EVERYTHING'S WRONG AT THE OFFICE
1 HOUR LATER
I'D GIVE $100 IF I COULD ONLY SLEEP!
NEXT MORNING
I FEEL TERRIBLE. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE WRECKING ME.
AGAIN? WHY JOE, THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS!
LATER.
I'M SIMPLY WORRIED TO DEATH ABOUT JOE. HE CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS--LOOKS TERRIBLY RUNDOWN.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY OVALTINE? DR. GUNTHER ADVISED IT FOR CHARLIE--AND IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.
OVALTINE?
YES–IT'S A DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE WITH WARM MILK BEFORE BEDTIME. CHARLIE SWEARS BY IT AND SLEEPS LIKE A CHILD, 8 HOURS EVERY NIGHT!
THAT AFTERNOON~~
GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. ELLIOT. MY HUSBAND HASN'T BEEN SLEEPING LATELY. I WANT HIM TO TRY OVALTINE
YES MRS. TAYLOR, IT'S FINE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS AND HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT.
BEDTIME THAT NIGHT–
I'M DEAD FOR SLEEP--BUT I SUPPOSE ALL I'LL GET IS ANOTHER NIGHT OF TOSSING.
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG DEAR. COME ON OUT TO THE KITCHEN.
NEWS
SAY THIS TASTES GOOD! WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
OVALTINE! THEY CALL IT THE "WORLD'S NIGHT CAP" BECAUSE IT BRINGS YOU NATURAL SLEEP SO QUICKLY. NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.
10 MINUTES LATER AND ALL NIGHT LONG
NEXT MORNING--
WHAT A SLEEP! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS!
WHY JOE!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET TO THE OFFICE. I'LL LICK THAT "DEPRESSION" SINGLE HANDED.
WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JOE?
HE'S CERTAINLY "ON HIS TOES"–AND HOW!
WHY HE LOOKS LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!
WHAT? YOU CAN'T SLEEP? TAKE MY TIP--SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW WONDERFUL OVALTINE IS.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. LI-6
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me
your trial package of Ovaltine.

Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

City…………………… *State*……………………
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

972-R

Ovaltine is a pure food concentrate which brings sound sleep quickly—by a natural process, entirely without drugs. During the World War it was made a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is widely prescribed by physicians to restore vitality when fatigued—for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers, and the aged. Get at any drug or grocery store or mail coupon for a generous trial supply.